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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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MRS. PARTINGTON AND HER MOP

MRS. PARTINGTON AVENGED

SIDMOUTH HOLDS BACK THE ATLANTIC

Two Ways of Dealing with Great Storms

A HUNDRED-THOUSAND- POUND MOP

"Upon my word, I must stop this!" So said Mrs. Partington in the great storm of 1824 when the Atlantic invaded her cottage at Chit Rock, on the west side of Sidmouth, the pretty Devonshire town.

Putting on her pattens, tucking up her skirts, and seizing her mop, she swept hard and long. But the Atlantic still came on, her cottage was swept away, and Mrs. Partington passed into history as the symbol of unavailing resistance to the inevitable. Sydney Smith quoted her against the House of Lords when they tried to keep back the Reform Bill, and Punch put her into a cartoon.

An Unequal Contest

This is what Sydney Smith said about her in warning the peers that they could not hold back the tide of progress:

In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon Sidmouth; the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction.

In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean.

The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

Now, after just a century, history has repeated itself, but with a difference. The great storm of 1924 again invaded Sidmouth, and again it triumphed for a time. It smashed the sea wall to pieces and rushed through the streets and into the houses of Mrs. Partington's descendants. Sidmouth, a watering-place of growing popularity, was threatened with ruin.

The Gasworks Mortgaged

"Upon my word, we must stop this!" said Mr. Pickson, the chairman of the council, and his fellow members. But how? Probably they thought of Mrs. Partington's mop, more useless than ever now, for the sea had burrowed through the sand below the sea wall, and had brought the wall down. It was necessary to underpin it with thousands of tons of concrete, and build a fresh wall in front of it going right down to the rock-bed below. That would cost over a hundred thousand

A Close-up Peep at the Zoo Pelican



This visitor to the London Zoo is greatly interested in the pelican's wonderful beak and has persuaded the keeper to let him have a peep inside. The pouch, though it can be wrinkled-up small, is really very big, and the quantity of fish it can hold is surprising

pounds. It was, at any rate, a more costly mop than Mrs. Partington's.

But it has all been done. The Road Fund gave £15,000, the Devon County Council gave £15,000, and the people of Sidmouth borrowed the remaining £70,000 (mortgaging their gasworks to do it), committing themselves to an added rate of 3s. 6d. in the pound for the next twenty years.

And now the new sea wall has been built. The Minister of Transport has been down and opened the new Marine Parade, cutting a cord with a presentation gold penknife and presenting a penny for luck in return. Against this new wall the sea will dash in vain. Mrs. Partington's descendants have done what Mrs. Partington with her poor mop could never do. They have swept the Atlantic out of Sidmouth and have effectually barred its return.

We smile at Mrs. Partington today,

but she was as real as King Canute, who set his chair by the seashore and, tired of hearing his servile flatterers imputing almost divine powers to him, reproved them by saying to the tide, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." He got well drenched, of course, for his pains.

Mrs. Partington addressed no words to the sea. Her labours took all the breath she had. At least she was wiser than the silly flatterers of the old king.

Mrs. Partington lives as surely in our memories as any of Shakespeare's heroines. She failed, but her spirit was sound enough, and that, without her sublime folly, lives on in her native town, for of the sum required to build the great wall Sidmouth has raised £70,000. We laugh at the old dame, but we whole-heartedly admire her old Devonshire town and the great feat of engineering which its great public spirit has enabled our engineers to complete.

A JACKDAW LOOKS IN

QUEER VISITOR AT A YORKSHIRE SCHOOL

The Bird's Game with the Master and His Boys

CARRYING OFF THE PENS

The teacher concerned in this story sends to us this account of an extraordinary visit paid to his school by a jackdaw. The school is at Castleford, in Yorkshire, and we are sorry that owing to an oversight the story is a few weeks old.

The other day my class of thirteen-year-old boys was quietly engaged in writing a composition.

I was just as busy completing some necessary returns. All was quiet except for the scratching of pens and that indefinable buzz which comes from a number of children at work. The windows were wide open.

Suddenly there was a fluttering of wings, a hoarse squeak, and to our great surprise there entered the room a large jackdaw. It took up its perch on the top of the blackboard and straightened its ruffled feathers. I walked to the front of the class and the jackdaw flew down on to my desk.

Not to be Coaxed

"Look out, sir; it's got your pen!" cried one of the boys.

It had not; but it had got my fountain-pen clip. Carrying it in its beak, it flew toward the ceiling and tucked the clip behind the picture-moulding. Then it returned to its perch on the top of the blackboard, and with its head on one side surveyed the gaping class.

Down it darted to a boy's desk; captured a pen-holder, and carried it in triumph to the picture-rail.

The boys were vastly amused. I ordered them to take up their pens while I tried to coax the jackdaw within arm's reach, but I soon found that a jackdaw will not be coaxed. If I stood near my desk it flew to the blackboard; if I went near the blackboard it flew to my desk. Every time a boy put down his pen the pen was captured and carried up to the picture-moulding. It will easily be understood that every boy was keen to have his pen captured.

A Quickly-made Hoard

Fortunately I was able to find out to whom the bird belonged, and despatched a messenger for the owner. He came, and as soon as the jackdaw saw him it flew to his shoulder, bit his ear, and mumbled unmistakably *Home! Home!*

The owner departed with his pet and I called on the boys to resume work. A number of hands shot up at once: "Please sir, I can't; my pen's on the picture-moulding!"

Climbing up to the moulding, we recovered thirteen pens, a compass, my fountain-pen clip, and a tuning-fork.

A FARMER PASSES ON MOURNED BY A NATION

The Story that Began in a
Sussex Village Long Ago
TWO SCENES IN THE WHITE
FARMHOUSE

A plain, honest farmer has died in America, and a whole continent is mourning his loss.

He was Colonel John C. Coolidge, father of the President of the United States, but we like to think that it was not entirely on account of the son's distinction that the father's passing was so honoured. There are not too many men like Colonel Coolidge living in any country.

Eighty-one years ago he was born in a farm in Vermont. The Coolidges have been farmers in New England ever since John and Mary, his wife, went out from their home in a Sussex village to Massachusetts about three hundred years ago. They have proved themselves true yeomen of England, and more than once have shown the mettle of the pasture. They have owned their land, lived uprightly, and earned the respect of the country.

A Solemn Moment

This venerable man whom the American nation delights to honour was content to follow in his father's steps, and he brought up his son to be a farmer also, a simple, rugged man. He was very proud of the boy Calvin, to whom not quite three years ago, in the same house which has seen his own death, he administered the oath of office. He swore him in as the thirtieth President of the United States, his own boy Calvin.

That was the greatest hour of his life, and it came before dawn in the lamplit room in that simple white farmhouse. The old man was inclined then to say *Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace*. Knowing this, the new President's first action was to go to the grave of his mother and commune with the spirit which had passed into the Silent Land when he was a boy of thirteen.

What would have been the emotion of that mother could she have foreseen the future of her son! She knew him already as staunch and upright, courageous in body and mind, a lad one could entirely trust.

The White Road to the Bedside

"When Calvin was a boy on the farm," Colonel Coolidge used to say, "if I was going away and there was anything I wanted him to do, I would tell him; but when I came back I never thought of going to see if he had done it; I knew it was done!"

The death of the old farmer of New England had been expected for some time, and the white farmhouse, lost in the snow of a remote district, was closely watched for news from near and far. A fortnight before Colonel Coolidge died some reporters took up their quarters in rooms over a shop near the farm, and telegraphed a bulletin daily.

The cold was bitter, and heavy snow fell from time to time, blocking the roads. But for the people of the district there would have been great difficulty in reaching the simple house where the good old man lay dying. They turned out in an army and cleared the roads.

The End of the Journey

Even then the President had to finish his twelve hours' journey to his father's home by several miles of sleigh riding. He was attended by three aeroplanes, hovering near to carry photographs and news back into the outer world, and he found a detachment of the Vermont Militia standing as guard of honour round the house.

Such was the passing of a man of simple faith who helped to make his country great.

PRIVATE JOHN KILLICK WALKS TEN MILES

A TALE OF THE GUARDS
The Chelsea Pensioner
Remembering Other Days
A SAD THING PUT RIGHT

We are glad to hear that Private John Killick, aged 71, late of the Grenadier Guards, still belongs to his old regiment.

He is a Chelsea Pensioner, and, knowing there was going to be a review of the Guards by the King at Caterham, he determined to support the regiment. He got up early, polished his buttons, brushed his clothes, made himself look spick-and-span, and set off to walk nearly ten miles to the parade ground.

His Old Regiment

A considerable crowd was collected at the barracks door, and more than one person smiled at the Chelsea Pensioner marching along. He had his regimental papers ready, and showed them to the surprised sentry, explaining that he had come to be reviewed by the King with his old regiment.

The sentry called up somebody who seems to have behaved in a stupid way ordering the old man off the grounds. He was within his rights, perhaps, because the veteran belonged now only by courtesy to the Guards; but he might have behaved a little more kindly to an old soldier.

The man of seventy who had walked ten miles to stand with his regiment and see the King was heartbroken at the insult. He turned away, conscious of the stare of the crowd, tears in his eyes. He had always been so proud of the Grenadier Guards.

A Guardsman's Tears

"I couldn't believe," he said, when he got back to Chelsea, "that a man in a Guards regiment could treat an old warrior so. There were hundreds of people looking on. But I remembered I was an old Guardsman and belonged to that great regiment in the days when every man was a gentleman. I braced myself up, kept back the tears which rose to my eyes, and, holding myself as if I were on the parade ground, swung down the road, just to show this fellow what the old Guards were like."

The news came to the ears of the Colonel of the regiment, and an apology was sent to Private John Killick, aged 71, late of the Grenadier Guards. But an official document is a soulless thing, and the good Colonel sent for Private John for a chat at the Guards' Headquarters in Birdcage Walk.

The Good Old Days

They had a good talk about the good old days when, before the rude fellow was born, Killick was under fire at the other end of the world. They talked of mistakes easily made, and they gossiped about the regiment in such a way that he who had wept in pain had now to weep in joy.

The Colonel asked him to come to a concert of the Guards that night, shook hands with him, and gave him a paper signed by himself which said that Private John Killick had entry to any barracks occupied by Guards.

The proudest old man in England then turned and marched out, down Birdcage Walk, and took the road to Chelsea once again.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aeneas	E-ne-as
Atrium	A-tre-um
Canute	Can-newt
Praxiteles	Praks-it-e-leez
Romansch	Ro-mansh
Wallachian	Wol-lay-ke-au

A BURIED CITY YIELDS A TREASURE

GREEK YOUTH OF THE
GOLDEN AGE
Lying Hid in the Earth While
Twenty Centuries Passed

A LOOK BACK

About two thousand years ago a man who loved beautiful things lived in a mansion at Pompeii. He had been collecting treasures of Greece and Rome for some time. There were several empty niches in his house, and he looked with delight at the treasures he had already collected and put in a sort of strong room for the last day of setting his house in order.

Among them was a life-size bronze statue of a happy youth full of grace and strength, such a statue as only Greece in her great years could have produced. Often the man stood in that room and looked at the bronze and pondered where he should put it. Probably he thought it would be best in the hall, perhaps with a light in its outstretched hand, its perfect beauty bidding a welcome and giving a benediction to those who entered.

Buried by Vesuvius

While this man was in the midst of life, perhaps even as he was busy at his delightful task of house furnishing, doom overtook the two cities under the shadow of Vesuvius. The collector and his home, and the lovely things intended to adorn it, were buried with the rest in that fiery grave. Centuries rolled by, and the two lost cities by the sapphire sea became almost legendary.

For a long time workmen have been digging in the buried towns, stripping them of their shroud of twenty feet of ashes and cinders, laying bare streets and courtyards. In due course the hammers and pickaxes reached the home of the man who loved art, and the other day the bronze boy was delved out of the strong room.

Roman or Greek?

He appears to be little damaged by the passage of time. The erosion on the surface of the metal is easily cleaned, and the only hurt seems to be an impression on the legs where the red-hot cinders rolled in a heavy heap.

Experts hail this discovery as the greatest thing that has been found in Pompeii for many years. Their opinion is divided, some saying it is a Roman imitation of Greek style, others insisting that it is an original work and belongs to the golden years of Greece, probably made by one of the sculptors who followed immediately after Phidias.

No one knows yet what the figure is supposed to represent. Someone suggests it was intended to immortalise Pantarkes, a Greek who won the prize for beauty of youth in a competition held about 436 B.C.

The Glory that was Greece

Our thoughts go back to Athens, loveliest of cities in the old world, to the fields and enclosures where the Greek lads wrestled and ran and strove for physical perfection and mastery of the body, while sculptors watching could hardly wait to get back to their workshops to imprison their memory of those beautiful forms in marble or bronze.

Whatever period the statue may prove to belong to the world has got another precious reminder of the glory that was Greece. *Picture on page 7*

FEWER PRISONERS New Ways of Dealing with Crime

PRISONS THAT REALLY REFORM

Slowly, but very steadily, our prison population is declining.

The annual report of the Prison Commissioners shows that in one year the average number of prisoners fell by close on four hundred, and the number received into prison fell by nearly 2600. The drop since before the war is really remarkable—41 per cent in prison population and 74 per cent in the number of those received.

Among the causes of this happy change the most important are the growing custom of letting off first offenders on probation, giving them a chance of showing that a warning has been sufficient, and the regulation which gives people time to pay a fine. Another cause is that in the last four years nearly a thousand offenders proved to be mentally deficient have been sent to special institutions instead of to prison.

Imprisonment for short terms is much less usual than it was. People who do go to prison are sent there for a long enough term to give a chance to the reformatory work that now goes on there. Prisons are now places of education and training for honest work, and discharged prisoners are helped to find situations suited to their powers. Prison discipline aims less and less at repression and more at restoring or building up self-respect.

WHAT A COUNTRY!

Eleven Thousand Murders in a Year

In England and Wales in 1922 there were 145 murders of all kinds. In the United States in 1923 there were *eleven thousand*. In New York City alone there were nearly twice as many as in England and Wales.

No wonder the Governor of New York State has called for the appointment of a commission to investigate the causes of the "appalling" wave of crime that is sweeping over the State. Governor Smith thinks that, as the leading State in the country, it is the duty of New York to set an example.

New York City is not the only place in America which has more murders in a year than all England and Wales. Chicago in 1923 had 389.

THINGS SAID

Today many people cannot be concise.
Judge Parfitt

Is it a dog or a fish?

The King, in a picture gallery

I suppose even professors may be regarded as human beings.

Mr. Justice McCauley

Those who are too lazy and careless to speak clearly are not worth the effort of attention.
A Teacher of Singing

If the "next war" be allowed to come London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, are likely to be heaps of ruins in a few days.

Mr. Wickham Steed

I am convinced that we can have no greater national asset than a pure, clear-minded, responsibly-conducted, and absolutely independent press.
Lord Oxford

Once more in this stricken world the love of God has some chance to contend against the eternal stupidities of mankind.
The Prime Minister

Muddle through! Of course we muddle through. We never know what is going to happen, but we are ready for what may happen to happen.

Sir Hugh Bell

The English habit of grousing is comparable with the American habit of chewing gum. It exercises the same muscles.
The American Ambassador

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C.O.D.

SHOPPING BY POST AND CASH ON DELIVERY

A Great System for Making Shopping Easy Everywhere

POST OFFICE MOVES AT LAST

Just under fifty years ago Australia began collecting for traders cash on delivery of their goods through the post (C.O.D.). Now Britain has followed her daughter's example. It does not do to be hasty in such matters!

We have waited till practically every other European country, the Dominions and India, America and Japan, have settled down to it. And then, suddenly, with only ten days' notice, without giving people time to understand it and get ready for it, we have plunged right in.

Reason for the Delay

One kind of preliminary trial we have had; though the Post Office could not see its way to give an inland system of C.O.D. for Britain, it established the system between Britain and various overseas Dominions, Colonies, and Protectorates, and certain foreign countries, and the sum thus produced on outgoing traffic has been three-quarters of a million a year.

Of course there has been a reason for the delay in the inland service, though not a very good one; shopkeepers in the smaller towns and villages and in the suburbs of the larger towns have opposed it because they thought it would encourage their customers to leave them for the big shops in the big towns, especially for the great London stores.

In the last year before the war the German Post Office carried nearly 74 million parcels of the value of over 78 million pounds. Yet it has done no harm to retail trade and is regarded as indispensable by everyone. The Scandinavian countries make the same report.

How the System Works

But it is not only in dealing with shops that the change will be useful. Lord Linlithgow's Committee on Agriculture strongly recommended it for agricultural produce, saying that it would be of the greatest benefit, not only to small farmers, smallholders, poultry farmers, and market-gardeners, but to people living in towns, who would be able by this means to obtain cheap, good, fresh food.

The arrangements for C.O.D. are very simple. The seller takes his parcel to the post office and puts on the label his own address, the address of his customer, and the amount to be paid for it. He is given a form with a counterfoil on which he enters the same information. He stamps the parcel with the ordinary parcel postage, and the counterfoil with the special C.O.D. charge, and then hands back the counterfoil.

Scale of Charges

If the parcel is not more than £5 in value the postman collects the charge on the parcel, plus the postage, plus the C.O.D. charge, and this is sent by the post office by postal order to the sender. If the parcel is more than £5 in value the customer receives a notice inviting him to call at the nearest post office, pay the charges, and take his parcel.

The lowest C.O.D. charge, for parcels of the value of 10s. and under, is 4d., and the charge rises by twopenny stages to a shilling for a £10 parcel, and then by 2d. for £5 to two shillings for £40, the highest value that may be sent.

Ordinary parcels rates are pretty heavy as it is, and with these charges added the C.O.D. service will not be so very cheap. That should reassure the timid retailer, though it is certain that when the system has got into working order there will be a demand for a reduction of the charges.

TRAINING THE EMPIRE'S PEACE ARMY



Lynford Hall and some of the Farm College students



Students on their way to work in the fields



A lesson on the farm tractor



Learning the points of a fine boar



Unloading a cart full of fertiliser



Professor Potts gives a lesson in ploughing

An Australian Farm College has just been opened at Lynford Hall, Norfolk, to train public schoolboys and university men who intend to migrate and settle on the land in the Commonwealth. There are 1000 acres of land, and Australian conditions are reproduced as far as possible. In these pictures we see some of the students at work

A VILLAGE IN A CLOUD

REMARKABLE EVENT

Six Days in the Alps with No Sense of Space

A WEEK'S LOSS OF THE SUN

By a Switzerland Correspondent

For six days, not long ago, Villars, one of the sunniest places in Switzerland, saw no sun. It lived in a cloud.

There was no sky, no horizon, no twilight, no dawn, and the only stars were the lighted windows that twinkled for a little while after dinner time. The Rhône Valley, two thousand feet below, had vanished; the Grand Muveran and the Petit Muveran had melted away; the Dent-du-Midi no longer showed its fangs. The skating-rink was like an impressionist picture, a great blotch of grey, with ghosts clad in white, or red, or green, or blue, flitting and floating weirdly across it. One climbed a thousand feet up; one tobogganed a thousand feet down: still "a common greyness silvered everything."

The World Made Anew

One lost sense of space and sense of time: one almost lost sense of personal identity in the monotonous mist.

Yet it was neither unhealthy nor unpleasant. The ski-ers skied, and the bobsbers bobbed, and the skaters skated, and the dancers danced, or, at least, fox-trotted; and through the mist one heard the laughter and merry voices of unseen children and the tinkle of the bells of invisible sleighs.

Meantime the hoar frost was covering the trees with rime, and the curious could note day by day how the rime thickened and the crystals lengthened.

At last the mist went. It made unconditional surrender to the Sun. We arose one morning and, behold, the world was changed. It had been made anew, and was no longer grey, but unbelievably white and blue. The virgin snow with the Sun on it was dazzlingly white; and the white peaks against the azure of the cloudless sky seemed supernaturally beautiful.

Like Wings of Giant Doves

More beautiful still were the trees. For seven days and nights the frost had worked at its filigree devices, at its lacework, and feathers, and spicules, and stars; and now the risen mist revealed a miracle. Trees after a snowstorm, with branches snow-laden, are among the most beautiful things in the world. These trees were more beautiful than trees merely laden with snow, for the hoar-frost had worked out intricate and delicate designs.

One tree had crystals two inches long ranked in single file on every branch and twig, like the barbs of a swan's wing feathers; another was clad in great white, curly plumes; another in eider-down; another in exquisite lace; another in a cluster of stars. The tops of colossal pines stood like alabaster spires against the blue sky, each tip clear-cut as a spear-point; while their massive lower branches swayed like the wings of giant doves.

A Gorgeous Afterglow

For seven days the frost had laboured; and, looking at its handiwork—looking at the radiant, shimmering white world of snow-branches, and frost blossoms of crystal filigree, and silver lace—one could say with all reverence: "Six days God laboured, and on the seventh day He rested and beheld His work, and behold it was very good."

By night the Sun had destroyed the six-days labour; but, as if to atone for its work of destruction, it lit up the hills with a gorgeous afterglow, turning the rocks to gold, the snow to flame.

What a contrast from the grey world of the mist to the white world of the sunlit snow and to the gold and crimson world of the Alpine Glow!

FRIEND OF R. L. S. A GOOD MAN OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Helping Robert Louis Stevenson
to Build His House

A POWER IN SAMOA

An old man, American born, has died at Apia, Samoa, who had some lovely memories to talk about. He it was who gave Robert Louis Stevenson home and hospitality when, still travelling hopefully, R. L. S. dropped anchor in Samoan waters.

Stevenson was then 39, and had one foot in the grave. He must have appeared to Mr. Moors, the American, who was five years younger, a delightful and unusual guest, tall and slender, with an imaginative, interesting face and a rare personality. The eager brown eyes looked into the face of the man who said Welcome, and gave no hint of the tragedy, the longing for life and home, that lay behind them.

A Poem from Vaillima

Stevenson peeped at Samoa, was attracted by the simplicity and pleasantness of the native character, and thought that here was home for the exile from Scotland. He started on the fascinating career of home building. Stevenson bought 400 acres on the mountain above Apia, and planned his last dwelling place, Vaillima. Moors went into it detail by detail, and was almost as keen as the Scotsman to hear the hammering on the beams.

For four years Stevenson dug himself in, as our boys say, in Samoa, but he hid in his heart and his verse the homesickness of the Scotsman far from home. One day S. R. Crockett received this poem from Vaillima:

Blows the wind today, and the sun and the
rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors today, and
now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the
whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how!
Grey, recumbent stones of the dead in desert
places,
Standing stones on the vacant, wine-red
moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of silent,
vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure!
Be it granted me to behold you again in
dying,
Hills of home! And to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the
peewees crying,
And hear no more at all.

Honourable Old Age

Alas for the home on the mountain and the brave heart that inhabited it! The end came swiftly to the man of forty-four who had defied death and disease so long. Moors grieved more than anyone else outside the immediate household, and he kept an eye on the sixty natives who cut the path to the mountain peak and laid R. L. S. under the wide and starry sky. He lived on and kept the poet's memory green. He learned more about the South Seas than any other white man, living there for 45 years. He founded a good library, he wrote himself, he recorded valuable memories of old Samoa as well of as his friendship with R. L. S. He became a power in the islands and helped to steer Samoa through the difficult years of the war, and he lived to see his son-in-law the first elected member of the Legislative Council of Samoa after New Zealand became Mother of the Islands.

And now, after an honourable old age, he has gone; one of the last links with R. L. S. is broken.

A JOKE THAT WENT WRONG

Archbishop's Home Not
a Prison House

The Archbishop of York is suffering from the not uncommon experience of having a joke taken seriously.

At the Church Assembly there was a discussion about the Ecclesiastical Commissioners helping toward the cost of keeping the palaces of the bishops in repair, and one speaker called them cold fortresses and prison houses. During the debate the archbishop pointed out that his own cold fortress and prison house of Bishopsthorpe was not properly a palace at all.

The result was, the archbishop complains, that he has been reported everywhere as having represented as a cold fortress and prison house his beloved Bishopsthorpe, which is, on the contrary, his ever-increasing pride and joy. One newspaper had said that the phrase rang like a strong man's heart cry, and had drawn a pathetic picture of him as living in one corner of the house, a frugal, overworked, uncompanionable man, with the rest shut up and unused!

SECOND CHAMBERS

Trying to Get Rid of Them

The Government of Nova Scotia, like that of New South Wales, wants to abolish the Legislative Council of the province, but, also like New South Wales, it is finding difficulties in the way.

The New South Wales Government persuaded the Governor to appoint fresh members of the Council to outvote the older members and abolish the Council, but they proved to be not enough, and when it asked for more the Governor refused. Now the Attorney-General is coming to London to ask the Secretary for the Dominions to tell the Governor he must do as he is asked.

The Governor of Nova Scotia is quite willing to create Councillors, and he sent word to the Governor-General of Canada of what he proposed, but the Governor-General's advisers have told him not to agree. The Canadian Government says that action must be postponed till a legal decision has been obtained on the question at issue. So the Government of Nova Scotia is going to state a case for the Canadian Supreme Court.

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

By the Prime Minister

We pass on these few sentences from the Prime Minister's speech to our Irish friends.

That is a fault of all people with prophetic souls—the land of heart's desire.

That ideal state to which Mr. Cosgrave would lead his people along an Irish road I would lead my people to along an English road. It is always only just over the hill. We know in our hearts we shall never reach it, but if we did not believe that it was only just over the hill we should never have the strength to go through that dreary, dusty work of attending to the needs of the caravan on its journey through this world.

FROM AN OLD POSTBAG

I have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best children's book I have seen.

Every page is luminous. To put my opinion to the test I handed it to a very bright and intelligent-looking little girl sitting opposite to me in the railway carriage.

Though the day was fine and the country lovely she never raised her eyes from the book throughout a journey of three-quarters of an hour.

Sir John Cockburn on the
Children's Encyclopedia

SCHOOL PLAY OF MILTON'S DAYS

Still Alive and Popular
PURCELL IN GERMANY

By Our Music Correspondent

In the days when Milton was still alive Mr. Josias Priest, a famous dancing master and composer of stage dances, kept a boarding-school for young gentlemen in Chelsea, and in 1680 he wanted a play for his pupils to perform before their parents and friends.

He commissioned Mr. Nahum Tate to write the words, and was fortunate enough to secure Mr. Henry Purcell, a young musician of 22, to compose the music. The little opera was called Dido and Aeneas, and the young gentlemen of the school exhibited it in due course before a select audience of parents and friends. It was received with applause, "no small part whereof was considered as the due of Purcell."

In Chelsea and Münster

It is a long way from 1680 to 1926, but time has made the name of Henry Purcell famous as England's greatest composer, and the little opera first performed at Mr. Priest's school still holds an audience, and is probably more widely known today than it has ever been. During the last few years over 15,000 people have witnessed performances of it in Hyde Park by the League of Arts.

Now this delightful work has been paying a visit to Germany, and has just been performed in Münster, with an Englishman, Mr. E. Dent, directing the performance.

It is pleasant to feel that Germany and England have so far lost the bitterness of war as to make this possible. We have long known and loved the music of the great German masters, and now Germany has a chance to become acquainted with the work of our Purcell. According to reports Purcell has been as successful with his audiences at Münster as he was with the parents and friends of the young gentlemen at Chelsea in 1680.

PITIFUL SIGHT FROM A TRAIN

Spirit of Cruelty in the
Countryside

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Sermon on the Mount

I am not of opinion that hunting and coursing are cruel. I am much more concerned about the suffering of my fellow-creatures than about the often imaginary sufferings of wild animals.

Archdeacon of Surrey

The fox and the stag, we were told by a lady the other day, find it good sport to be hunted, and enjoy it as much as the huntsmen. Now an archdeacon enters the field for the hunters. Archdeacon Blackburne's remarks read curiously side by side with the story of a stag which appeared in the papers on the same day.

A trainful of railway passengers held up at Burston, in Norfolk, saw something of a stag hunt, and do not seem to have found the evidence of the humanity of hunting very convincing. The animal was staggering along utterly exhausted, with blood dripping from its mouth, and the hounds close on its heels, only a little less exhausted. The poor stag ran the length of the train, seeming to appeal to the onlookers for pity and help.

The passengers in the train were greatly distressed, and hissed the huntsmen as the train moved off. "If only Parliament could see this contemptible thing as it is," said one of them, "it would be stopped tomorrow." The C.N. agrees. At least this is the last generation in which these cruel spectacles will be possible in humane countries.

A DEAD TONGUE'S DAUGHTERS

OLD ROME STILL SPEAKS
TODAY

A Happy Chance Which
Preserved the Use of Latin

POET AND HIS LAST WORK

The Anglo-Saxon language makes such steady, widespread progress as a common speech for educated mankind that the Prime Minister of Spain has caused no small surprise by reminding us that of the 52 countries in the League of Nations 17 speak Spanish.

The explanation lies, of course, in the fact that Spanish is the language of the Latin republics in South America. Spain owns not one inch of territory today in that New World which she discovered and once possessed; but her language remains, and Latin America speaks the tongue which the fierce old Conquistadors introduced four centuries ago.

Rome and Latin America

Rome, mistress of all the known world, never dreamed that America existed, yet it is a daughter language of her own that serves for speech and writing in the southern half of the continent.

Latin itself is a dead tongue. It has its great literature; it has its place in science; it serves as a means of communication between persons who know Latin though having no other speech in common, though even their pronunciation may differ so vitally as to make it necessary to write rather than speak.

But though Latin itself has ceased to live as a factor in the common speech of the world it has its thriving children. French, Italian, Spanish, Provençal, Portuguese, Wallachian, and Romansch (spoken in parts of Switzerland) are simply the seven daughters of Latin.

Virgil's Great Epic

Dead as a vehicle of modern speech the tongue that Cicero spoke retains its hold on the affections of civilisation through the books which its old masters gave the world. Yet even that shrunken domain was once in peril. Many masterpieces of the language have vanished with the lost books of Livy and Tacitus.

The preservation of the writings of the two great poet friends Horace and Virgil made it worth while to keep Latin alive in books if not on the tongue. But had Virgil had his way he would have annihilated for posterity the language which his work did so much to enrich and adorn. He gave the last 11 years of his life to composing the Roman national epic, the Aeneid; he had completed 9892 lines when death advanced upon him.

Our Debt to the Aeneid

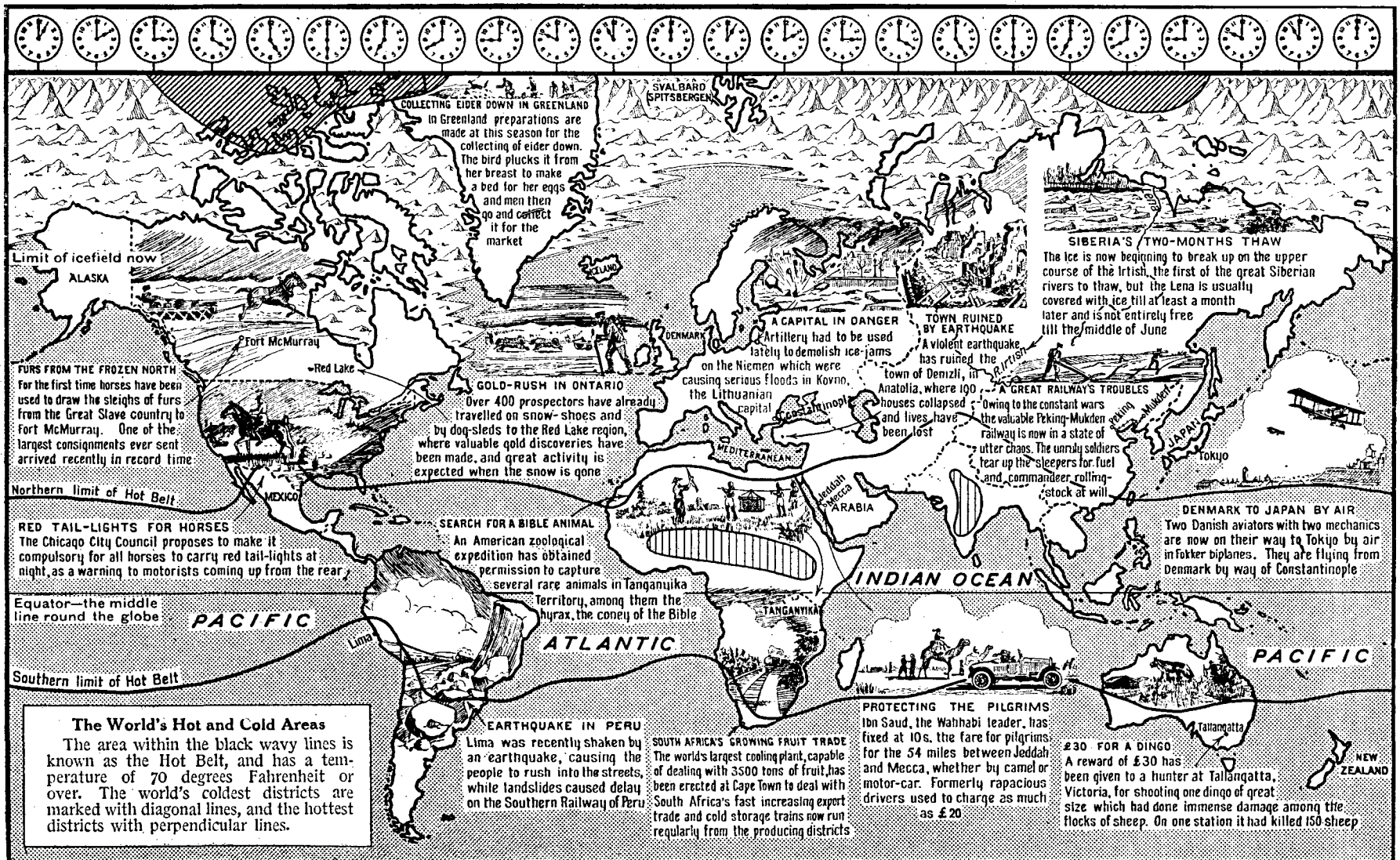
As his poem was incomplete and had not received the minute supervision which it was his wont to apply he besought his friends to burn it. They disobeyed him; the greatest of Latin poems survives; it has been one of the schoolbooks of the world for 1900 years, and the Aeneid and Horace have served for all this time to make Latin a basis of the education of the Old World and, still later, of the New World. Had the Aeneid perished this history of learning would have been entirely altered.

There is a Latin mixture in our English tongue: Latin that our Roman conquerors left in Britain; Latin the Christian missionaries brought; Latin that came in with the Normans; and Latin incorporated after the rebirth of learning in the closing years of the fifteenth century.

It is not the only welcome alien in the Teutonic body of our speech, for we have many words from the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Hindustani, American, Chinese, and African.

English is made up from the languages of the world; hence its richness, beauty, and variety.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING THE WORLD'S HOT AND COLD AREAS



A PALACE FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS

The Sad Events of These Days

A good deal has been heard about the slump in the value of big houses, which people do not want because they cannot get servants for them. But we do not often find the sort of thing that has just happened in Berwickshire.

One of the finest buildings in that county was Langton House, which a wealthy Marquis of Breadalbane built as his favourite home over half a century ago. It was a palatial building, with immensely thick walls.

But, as the fashion for big houses can no longer be sustained, the present owner of Langton set the housebreakers to work, and they took the roof off and removed the fittings after everything else of value had been taken away.

But the roofless mansion still stood, and the owner put it up to public auction. It fetched fifteen shillings.

CEASE FIRE!

Men Who Ended Two Wars

The story has lately been told of the award of the Cross of the Legion of Honour to Corporal Sellier, who, on the eve of the Armistice, sounded into the night the Cease Fire. But one remarkable fact concerning the award has not been told, we think.

By a curious coincidence a veteran of 1870, Monsieur de Beaucourt, received the Legion of Honour the same day as Sellier. Now, it was M. de Beaucourt who fired the last cannon-shot of the Franco-Prussian War, and chance has so willed it that Sellier is one of his workmen. It is surely a curious chance that has brought together these two men, so strangely associated with the last moments of two great wars.

Interested foreigners have offered Sellier huge sums for his historic bugle, but, though he is not rich, he has refused to part with it at any price, for he is reserving it for a French museum.

LITTLE LADY OF THE LAMP

Girl Runs a Lighthouse

We were talking the other day of the fine school at Bembridge in the Isle of Wight; now all the world has been talking of its lighthouse and a fifteen-year-old girl who was able to keep the lamp going while her father was away on shore.

For three days she had charge of Bembridge lighthouse, and it meant her going alone round the building at night.

A gale was raging round the lighthouse and the shore, making it impossible for her father to return. She saw dusk coming, and knew that duty was pointing to that outer iron ladder leading up to the big lantern.

Three nights she braved it alone, went up the stairs, and opened the heavy iron doors; and there, alone in the lighthouse, with the wind shrieking and the seas thundering all round, she started the glow.

Now her father is back again, having been taken home in the Bembridge lifeboat, and we can just imagine how glad his girl was to see him.

A DOG DOWN A MINE

Falling Sixty Feet

Joseph Tindall, a Sheffield man, deserves credit for having saved a dog from a miserable death.

"Please save my dog!" exclaimed the owner of a prize Pomeranian which had fallen sixty feet down a disused mine shaft, where its descent was arrested by a steel girder.

Tindall got some ropes, and, to the joy of its owner, the affrighted animal was rescued and brought to safety in half an hour.

FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE

A Cyclist's Queer Adventure

When a daring aviator flies over the Alps or the Pyrenees and an eagle swoops down and attacks him we are, perhaps, not too surprised; but when a humble motor-cyclist has to defend himself against the king of birds on a public road we are much alarmed.

Such an adventure happened recently to a young man in the forest of Fontainebleau, about thirty miles from Paris. The young man was rushing along all unconscious of danger when suddenly he felt something heavy alight on the leather cap he was wearing, and an eagle's talons began to tear the flesh of his neck. Fortunately some motorists were following behind and came to the rescue of the cyclist, who, though severely mauled, was able to damage the eagle's wing and capture the bird.

SOMETHING LIKE A PAPER CHASE

The Wind in a Frolic

A Fulham lady and a few other people took part in an unusual kind of paper-chase during the recent boisterous weather in town.

The lady had been collecting rents when her attaché case flew open and £150 in Treasury notes dropped out. The wind seized hold of them and scattered them far and wide, some of them mounting up on to a flat roof.

Ultimately the paper-chasers recovered all but a few pounds.

TURNING THE TABLES

The Bird and the Gun Man

A Frenchman out shooting woodcock in the Forest of Chagny, not far from Paris, a few days ago, was astonished to see an enormous bird pounce down upon him. Swiftly dodging it, he was able to take aim and shoot the bird dead. It proved to be a vulture, measuring about four feet from tip to tip of the wings.

A MOTHER AND HER THRONE

Son to Rule After Her

That picturesque lady the Begum of Bhopal has won the suit for which she came to London. Her son has been recognised as the heir to her throne and will rule in her place when she is gone.

For eighty years Bhopal has been ruled by women, only a daughter being available to succeed for the last three generations. The present ruler, however, had three sons. The two elder died in 1924, each leaving sons.

In the ordinary course the eldest son of the eldest son would have succeeded, but the Begum has persuaded the Indian Government, supported by the authorities in London, to pass them by in favour of her own surviving son, Colonel Nawabzada Haji Muhammad Hamidulla Khan, aged 32. Mohammedan custom is pleaded in support of the newly-granted concession.

GOLDEN RAIN

A Long Drought Ends in Australia

It has been raining sovereigns in Australia. A two years' drought has done great damage, and was threatening more. Now the rain has come, and it is of untold value.

In parts of the north of the oddly-named South Australia (which runs right through from north to south) the drought has been the worst since white men lived there, and one cattle king puts his losses at forty thousand animals. Even the goats died. The loss would have been much greater if it had not been for the care and self-sacrifice of the herdsmen, who transported food four hundred miles.

The rainfall has been over two inches, and in Victoria, where also there has been drought, it has reached five inches in some districts.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 10

1926

The League Does Not Fail

To those who say that Christianity has failed the answer is that it has not been tried.

So with the League of Nations. It is the politicians who have failed, but not the League, for in this last crisis, which has so disgraced our statesmen, it was never tried. None of its machinery, which has proved so powerful and effective, was even set going; none of its rules was followed. The failure of the League to admit Germany to the Council was due to a secret attempt to turn the League into a political conspiracy. The promises made in the Covenant to deal fairly and openly were set aside, and action was taken by one or two members without consulting the League at all.

The political part of the League where this disaster has occurred will have to be rebuilt, and, just as sometimes it is fortunate that fire or flood may destroy a rotten structure, so we must hope that here, too, good will come out of evil. If countries care enough for fair dealing they can see to it that they shall not again be taken by surprise and that their machinery shall be used.

But the political part of the League is only one part, the part which provides the fire-works. There are many other parts that go on working undisturbedly, laying foundations and building up the world in ways of peace. Their influence is far-reaching and sure, and we may turn to them with confidence. Even during the recent crisis a report was read to the Council describing the results of the League's work for refugees in Greece.

Many of these people, only a short time ago homeless and starving, are now actually becoming of use to the country. By their labour they are helping to solve the financial problems, which is of such importance to its prosperity. They are building up new industries. We remember how much England owes to the industries introduced by Huguenot refugees and can understand what this new fact means for Greece.

Here is tangible proof of what the League is doing. Let us add to it what we already know of its health work, its protection of native populations, of a hundred other good works that have been described in these columns, and the list is long enough to convince us that the League does not fail.

The tragedy of Geneva is that some friends of the League, by a hole-and-corner policy, have played into the hands of the enemies of the League. It will not happen again, and it is one of those experiences which Time will prove to be of the greatest value in building up the good character of the most important organisation in the world.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Why?

WHY sympathise with a fox?
The Archdeacon of Surrey
Or with an archdeacon? *Peter Puck*

Here Today and Gone Tomorrow

ONE of the strangest tales was told us the other day. A man owned a copra plantation worth ten thousand pounds on a southern island. The natives felt, somehow or other, that disaster was coming, and they begged him to get away. They thought the tide might rise unusually high. So he ran up the mountain-side, and even as he ran his land sank into the sea, and his plantation was entirely submerged. One minute he was worth ten thousand pounds; the next minute nothing.

By and by, when he saw his plantation was ruined, he went away and began to plant somewhere else!

British, we suppose.

A Useful Story

WHO has not suffered from the Tall Story?

It is one of the most exasperating penances known to man. His sense of truth is outraged. His intelligence is insulted. But because Manners Makyth Man he cannot stop the rigmarole by saying "I am not so stupid as to believe that rubbish."

Yet there is a way of extinguishing these pests. We found the recipe in a new book of reminiscences.

Imagine an old, weather-beaten colonel who has had many strange and perilous adventures in the East, but has never spoken of them, and imagine him sitting in a quiet corner of someone's drawing-room while a Tall-Story Teller recounts tales of his own daring. When the romance of hairbreadth escapes and cool courage is over the colonel's voice is heard saying, "I once had an experience rather like that," and he proceeds to tell a tiger-hunting yarn. The tale gets more and more thrilling till—

There was the huge brute standing over me, with one paw on my chest and his mouth open—

There is a pause.

"Then?" asks someone breathlessly.

And then, says the colonel, *he ate me!*

The Bush-dweller

Are the tales of the loneliness and ignorance of the people in the wilds of Australia exaggerated? Here is the latest, and it is true.

A WOMAN who had always been accustomed to live in the Bush in Australia travelled in a train for the first time. She turned to the man who was her fellow-passenger, and said, simply: "Who pulls the train?"

"Steam," he answered.

"What is steam?" she asked.

He had not finished his explanation when the train dashed into a tunnel, and the woman caught hold of another woman who was sitting near saying, "Sister, excuse me, but I think I am going blind!"

Too Many

It is suggested that three War Ministers in the Cabinet, one for the Army, one for the Navy, and one for the Air, is at least two too many.

Some of us think one is too many.

Trotsky's Great War

Although the power of British Protestantism is great, it is not unlimited, and ours is the cleansing task of assisting to destroy within a few years that religion which has been built up through the centuries.

Trotsky

Tip-Cat

WOMEN are said to be more just than men. That is why they are called the fair sex.

SCIENTISTS have discovered how to make hay without sunshine. But they still require grass.

A CONTEMPORARY asks, Are oysters healthy? Probably not, for they are always found in their beds.

A FILM expert says Manchester people like mysteries with a little meat in them. Why couldn't he say sausages?

IN nine cases out of ten great men are given the names they deserve. The tenth makes a name for himself.

TOWN-DWELLERS need bright colours. But they are not happy in the blues, can't bear to look green, and dislike the Reds.

THE gentleman who asks whether poets will ever write poems about steel houses is apparently on his metal.

"UNDERGROUND for the Boat Race." It must have been splendid.

NOWADAYS, we are told, in a civilised country a tyrant cannot be good. As a rule he cannot even make good.

A Challenge to Schoolmasters

ONE of our towns is delighted that no girls came before the magistrates as juvenile offenders last year, and a correspondent who signs herself Primrose Prim has written to point out this fact to Peter Puck. Girls, she says, are better than boys.

She goes on to add that Miss Forbes, of Bath, who celebrated her hundredth birthday last month, used to keep a girl's school at Rickmansworth. No one who has had the worry of teaching boys has ever lived so long, says Primrose. In fact, she adds, *all schoolmasters look old and sad at thirty-five.*

Peter Puck indignantly repudiates this slur upon his sex, and appeals to our schoolmasters to remove it. Will one of them please live to be a hundred and fifty?

The Lady Out of Dickens

By Our Country Girl

It is not much more than ten years ago that Miss Betsey Trotwood could still be seen in our streets with her crinoline and her ringlets.

This was not her real name, of course, but we will steal it from David Copperfield because her heart was as tender as Aunt Betsey's and she had as much spirit.

Despite her curious attire, and the corkscrew curls, she was about the best man in the place. She was secretary to half a dozen charitable organisations, and managed matters excellently. She even kept a night school for men who wanted to get some learning after working hours.

Miss Betsey knew all sorts of things, from Greek history to a cure for chilblains. Any urchin might ring the bell of her small white house on the cliff and ask for it, and it was free. The secret has perished with her.

No one laments Miss Betsey more than the old captain of coastguards. Half the zest has gone from life now that he has no Betsey to battle with. Both were concerned in the administration of a Sailor's Institute, and neither approved of the other's ways.

Defeat of the British Navy

One day the old maid called on the old sea-dog, demanding that a certain thing should be done. He refused. She said she would not leave his room till he complied. Down she sat, with tight-shut mouth. He argued, he scolded, in vain. At last, driven to fury by her silence, he shouted for his petty officer, and said to him: "Remove that woman!"

Her reply is historic. "You dare to lay a finger on me!" she cried with tremendous dignity. "It's more than your buttons are worth!"

Once more the old maid defeated the British Navy, but at last Time laid a finger on her, and him she could not defy. We shall not see her like again. There are many good folk left in the town, but none to compare with our lady out of Dickens.

A Prayer of Chinese Students

Creator and Ruler of mankind,
We pray thee this day for our country,
That her new life may be established
and built up in thyself:

That all hatred and malice,
All indifference to the sufferings of others,

All narrow and selfish greed,
May be swept away by the breath of thy spirit:

And that public spirit, honour, and justice,
Cooperation in service, self-sacrifice for all,
May flourish abundantly among us.

We pray thee also for ourselves,
That thou wilt forge us into tools for the service of our country.

Burn from us all selfishness and pride,
Purify us from all baseness,
Fill us with passion to uplift the weak,
To sweep away oppression,
To give to every man the opportunity of a full life,
That may be lived to Thy glory and the service of mankind.

April 10, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

7

RUSH TO RED LAKE GOLD DISCOVERY IN ONTARIO

Four Hundred Veterans Blazing
Out the Trail

AUSTRALIA MAKES A DISCOVERY TOO

Many boys will be watching the story of the new gold rush in Canada, and many of their elders who remember tales of the Klondike will be recalling incidents of that long campaign.

Buried treasure is a most fascinating thing to seek, whether it be gold dust washed in a pan or old guineas buried in a mouldy box near a tree marked with a cross on the map and the words *three yards to the west*.

The new buried treasure lies much more than three yards to the west. It lies across the wide Atlantic and several days journey into Western Ontario to a tract known as the Red Lake District.

Old Hands at the Game

Four hundred prospectors who are old hands at the game have already strapped on their snowshoes and said "Mush, mush" to their huskies and reached the magic place. The nearest touch the gold camp will have with civilisation is a railway station at Hudson, on the shores of Lost Lake, 240 miles east of Winnipeg. From that base, as soon as spring makes travelling easier, about a thousand men will be working their way to Red Lake.

The trail is already made by the 400 veterans, who have not waited for the big mining companies, with snow motors and machinery and huge supplies, who are going to dig for gold on a grand scale; it is a track about 18 inches wide through the snow from Hudson, and it means a six-days journey. These men have made good plans. They have built a rude shanty of logs to mark the end of each day's stage and to make it possible for the men on the trail to have shelter and avoid heavy outfits.

How the Find was Made

Ontario is rich in gold already. Her mines yield about six million pounds' worth a year, and the new goldfield promises well. A vein nine hundred feet long and from ten to twenty feet wide has been uncovered already.

The find is due to the energies of four prospectors making their way east from Lake Winnipeg. Wandering among the endless rivers and lakes they struck a rich vein, but did not know just where they were. Autumn was on them, and they were fearful lest winter should be trapping them in the snows and iceways of the Western Ontario wilds. For many days they were completely lost. One morning they struck a solitary outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company, and learned that they were in the neighbourhood of Red Lake.

Gold Rush in North Queensland

The four pioneers made their way back to Hudson and into the civilised world again, and announced their discovery. Little notice was taken at the time of their story save that a few more stray groups of prospectors went out. Then, last autumn, a mining party returned from Red Lake with news that much more gold than that promised by the finders was waiting to be mined up there. News got abroad and preparations for the rush began.

Meantime Australia is not going to be out of it. Another gold rush is announced from North Queensland, and men are hurrying out from Cooktown to a place near Daintree where a new vein of gold has been opened.

TWO ELEPHANTS END A QUARREL

WHAT began the quarrel between the two wild elephants of Jamshedpur will never be known.

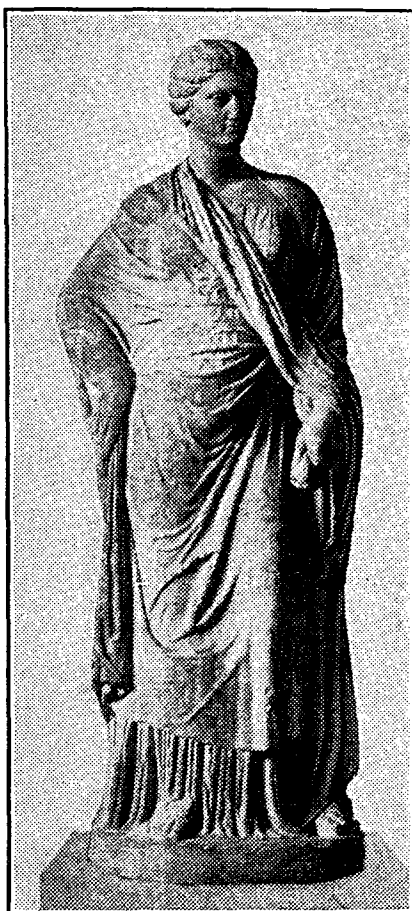
Both are dead, and the winner, who survived the vanquished for a few triumphant hours, had reasons for silence. It carried parts of the tusks of the other in its head, and that is a head-ornament which the wildest elephant cannot carry for long without grave inconvenience.

The fight developed at dusk on a hill which bordered the jungle, but it was not a spectacle which attracted spectators, for there were no safe reserved seats. The sound was enough for the villagers, who put as much space between themselves and the combatants as they could. But nobody slept that night.

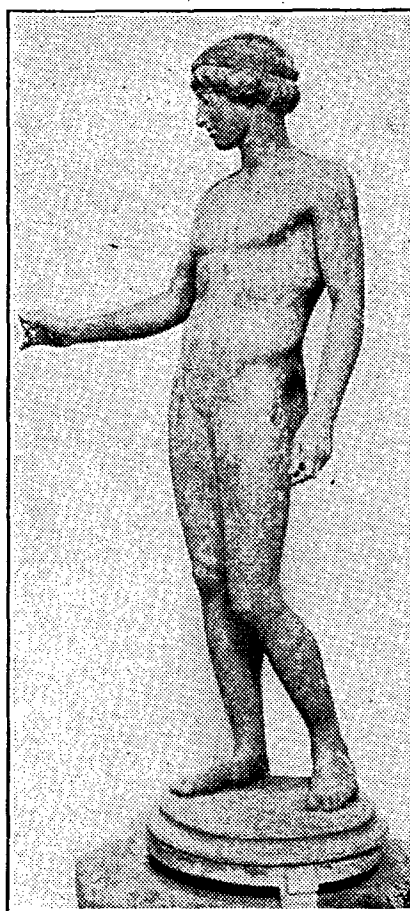
In an hour or so the fighters had reached the offices of the staff of the Rakha Copper Mines. They had fought many rounds, but their heads were unbowed and they bellowed defiance to all the world. The combat raged up and down by the side of the village hospital, each elephant trumpeting to the other that he would be in need of it.

At dawn the tumult and the bellowing ceased. The terrified villagers, stealing back, found one elephant dead in a ditch, his tusks broken. In the distant jungle the victor still sang in trumpet tones his paean of victory. But it was a swan-song, for he was found dead, with the broken tusks of the defeated to signalise his last triumph.

TWO GEMS OF ANCIENT ART



A statuette of Demeter



A statue of a youth

These two remarkable ancient works of art have just come to light. One is a statuette of Demeter, believed to be by Praxiteles, which was recently discovered in Rome and has been bought for America for £70,000, and the other is the statue of a youth, found in the atrium of a house at Pompeii and believed to be of the school of Phidias. See page 2

THE HUNGRY MAN OF BERLIN

Paris is stopping the fasting man craze, but in Berlin the craze goes on apace and a hundred thousand people have paid to see a hungry man! A correspondent sends us this account of it all.

THE hunger-artists of Berlin are still hungering away, and, as an Austrian reporter remarks, their popularity begins to rival the popularity of a film star, and their salaries to approach the earnings of a prize-fighter. Artists of the palette pale into insignificance beside these artists of the palate. Every restaurant seems to have its hungry performer in a glass case, "fasting his way to fame and fortune."

The most famous of these "hunger men" is Jolly, who appears to have been one of the first to discover the commercial possibilities of the new art, and who has already given some artistic performances of no small merit. The reporter visited him in his glass case on his 23rd day. The glass case was like a little hothouse, and its door was heavily padlocked and sealed with many seals. Round it were laid rich floral offerings from the artiste's admirers, while near it was a notice

that the man was watched by sworn watchers. Another notice stated: "These pyjamas were supplied by—"

The artiste in lilac pyjamas lay almost motionless on his back. His fallen-in cheeks were flushed, and his unshaven chin bore a stubbly beard. As he lay he smoked a cigarette taken from one of a great pile of cigarette boxes that had been sent to advertise various brands. Of these cigarettes he had been smoking on an average 125 a day; but one day had smoked 175! No food, it was said, had passed his lips, but he had been drinking seven bottles of mineral water daily. Naturally there were ventilators in the case to supply him with the "fresh" air of the restaurant; and to help to while away the hours he had novels and a wireless apparatus.

During the first 23 days of his fast Jolly lost 18 pounds in weight.

The interest taken in this stupid affair is extraordinary. During the first sixteen days of the fast a hundred thousand people paid for admission, and dozens of shops put up daily bulletins stating Jolly's condition. Surely there never has been a more senseless craze.

A SIMPLE MAN OR A FOX?

ABDUL KRIM'S CRY FROM
HIS STRONGHOLD

His People Steadfast to the
Last Mountain-Top

APPEAL TO THE WORLD

A remarkable letter has reached The Times from Abdul Krim, the chief of the Rif warriors of Morocco, against whom Spain has been fighting for years.

The letter is interesting as showing the Rif leader's idea that the best way of approaching Peace is to reach the public opinion of the world through a newspaper, and if sincere the letter reveals Abdul Krim in a surprising light.

Is he a simple man with the cunning of a fox, or is he a cunning fox pretending to be simple?

That is one of the questions raised by this remarkable document.

Peace. We rejoice to communicate to you true information concerning the situation of our country so that the world may realise what exactly is the position of affairs.

We are relieved of responsibility and the whole world knows that we are prepared to make peace and to come to an understanding with our opponents. We only seek justice and search for tranquillity, and that is all. We have exerted every effort in communicating with the French and Spanish authorities over and over again, and every time they meet us in their pride and in their egoism.

The Sword and the Pen

We are the weaker side and have no power to carry on war or resist for long, and so they charge us at times with weakness and at other times as having suffered defeat, and this whenever we make any communication to them or show any inclination for peace.

This has astonished us. When we continue to fight and to kill, abandoning our inclination to follow the path of peace, they accuse us of being barbarians, loving war and bloodshed; and when we appeal to them for our rights and just treatment they explain it as a confession of weakness. When we are in a dilemma we turn and carry out the Arab saying "The sword is more truthful than writings."

Desire for a Noble Peace

Our intentions are sincere. We know nothing of politics or intrigues or roguery, but our opponents are masters of those things. They do not understand any ways but those of the fox, and this brings about misunderstandings.

We demand nothing but our rights, and the sole purpose of all our actions is to arrive at peace. We desire to educate our people and to reform our country. The Rif trusts that when it obtains those rights, and its just demands are accepted, it will live in peace and tranquillity with all its neighbours and open its door to foreigners in a fitting way to bring about happiness. These are our hopes and desires.

We trust that the fruit of your help in making known our ideas and our desires will be the obtaining of a noble peace, by which the shedding of blood and all these terrible events of which the world is a witness will be removed. They have turned the face of humanity black and made the sons of men suffer every kind of torment.

Steadfast to Principles

Finally we desire to assure you that although the enemy occupies a portion of our country, and may, we suppose, advance and occupy other parts, all this does not detract from our faith, for we remain steadfast to our principles even if only one mountain-top may remain to us to occupy or to inhabit. We shall cause great loss to our enemies.

We continue prepared to defend our rights to the very end and to die for our principles. We shall be patient, as we have been for many years, until the day will come in which right will conquer wrong.

THE 1200 FAILURES DUE TO EDUCATION OR TO CHARACTER?

What Aristotle Thought About
Learning for the People

THE WISDOM OF DR. JOHNSON

A lamentable tale has been lately told of 1200 men of distinguished scholastic careers who are today among life's most complete failures.

One case cited is that of a man who knows five modern languages, in addition to Latin and Greek; yet, because he could not maintain discipline among the boys he taught at school, lost all his masterpieces and had been driven to envelope-addressing for money-lenders, to distributing circulars, to jobbing gardening, paper-sorting, and wood-chopping.

That is the worst case in a series of failures investigated by a body created to assist incompetents among the highly educated. The verdict on that case, as on many of the others, is that the victim lacks character, without which education is of small service.

The Importance of Character

Character-building should proceed with the acquiring of knowledge; it should be developed by example and influence at home and at school, and by the diligent effort of the student. The drawbacks of our industrial system proceed as much from the lack of vision of self-made men as from the indifference and ignorance of aristocratic tyrants whom in many cases they succeeded.

It has always been customary to belittle education for the masses. The great Aristotle declared "Neither the evening star nor the morning star inspires as much respect as Justice," yet his great mind could conceive of no system of education which was not limited to a tiny aristocratic class who should be the leaders of 20,000 freemen, sustained by the labours of 400,000 slaves. And such was the Athens of the immortal Pericles.

Scholarship for the Poor

With the revival of learning in Europe the ideas of Aristotle and Plato on education were heartily embraced, and the way to scholarship for the poor was beset with many dragons.

When the United States were shaking themselves free from the Motherland Dr. Johnson's much-loved young friend Bennet Langton, moved by the great man's love of learning, opened a school for the poor on his own estate. It had been suggested to him, he told the Doctor, that education might tend to make the people less industrious, and he felt a little anxious.

"No, sir," said Johnson; "while learning to read and write is a distinction the few who have that distinction may be the less inclined to work; but when everybody learns to read and write it is no longer a distinction. A man who has a laced waistcoat is too fine to work, but if everybody had laced waistcoats we should have people working in laced waistcoats."

Carpenters and Culture

Burns sang at the plough; Shakespeare began as an ostler and handyman of the theatre, Keats as a surgeon's apprentice; but Sir Richard Arkwright endured almost a lifetime of illiteracy, and had not time or means to learn to spell till he was between 50 and 60.

Culture need not make us all carpenters, but there is no reason why every carpenter should not have culture. When we finally abandon Aristotle's view as to the human right to education and adopt Dr. Johnson's we shall be a wiser, happier, and nobler people.

FRIEND OF THE AFRICAN BOYS

School in a Forest
Clearing

WHAT TRAVEL IS LIKE IN RHODESIA

We have already called attention to the work of the Rev. J. T. Lyon at Kanchindu, about a hundred miles from the Victoria Falls in Rhodesia, and we are glad to have a note from Mr. Lyon, who is now back at his work after a visit to England.

He finds the boys of his school more eager than ever to get the C.N., which reaches them regularly, though not in sufficient numbers.

Mr. Lyon, writing to tell of his return home, has some interesting things to say about his journey:

The journey to Kanchindu took us a full month. Our last 80 miles was through water. The post boys take four days to reach our nearest post office, and have to ford four rivers. When we travel boys carry our loads, and my wife is carried by them in a machila. Of course I walked the whole journey.

Sometimes we walk a mile or two through water knee deep; at times the water reaches to our waists, once it came up to the chest. If there are any short boys with us only the tallest carry loads through the water. On an average, the boys can carry 50 pounds for days without being tired and travel from 20 to 24 miles a day, sitting only for meals.

Six Oxen for One Plough

Mr. Lyon has been very anxious to introduce into this part of Central Africa improved methods of agriculture, as until recently almost the only implement used was a rough sort of hoe, with which the women (who do all the work) did little more than scratch the surface of the ground. They never use manure, and when any part of the ground becomes unproductive they move to a fresh piece. Even then, however, they cannot grow sufficient for their needs.

Five years ago Mr. Lyon introduced a plough. The fun began when they tried to rope six oxen to this, and when at last they had got them properly harnessed the furrows were anything but straight. They have now got some smaller ploughs for two oxen which are more manageable, and the Bantus are learning to use them.

There is a Central Agricultural Training School, in which all the modern methods of agriculture, dairy farming, and poultry and pig rearing are being taught. All the ground was originally thick forest, but now 200 acres have been cleared for cultivation.

NORWAY'S LITTLE PARADISE

Colonists for Pacific Islands

Now that so few people are allowed to settle in the United States, Young Norway is looking elsewhere for emigration.

A year ago thirty young men sailed in their own ship for Floreana, one of the islands of the Galapagos group in the Pacific, close to the Equator.

There they have built houses and started fruit farms, and they are already making arrangements for their families to join them. They find Floreana "a small Paradise." The climate is excellent and the soil exceedingly fertile. There are wild horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and dogs, descendants of animals left there by colonists of a hundred years ago.

The experiment has been so successful that a new expedition is to start shortly to another of the Galapagos islands, leased, like Floreana, from the Government of Ecuador.

Darwin spent several months in these islands in 1858, and Dr. A. Wollbeek, who has been carrying on Darwin's work, has just returned with a big collection of animals, fishes, and insects for examination at Oslo University.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



A woman has died in an Essex workhouse after living there 77 years. She was 94.

About nine thousand letters reach the B.B.C. every week concerning the wireless programmes.

Five hundred million passengers were carried by the L.M.S. Railway last year without a single fatal accident.

The Litter People

Last year the London County Council took proceedings against over seventy people for strewn litter in the parks.

All the World in Canada

Thirty thousand more foreigners than British have settled in Canada in the last four years.

The Price of Carelessness

It is calculated that human carelessness starts a fire somewhere every minute of the day and night.

A 23-Year-Old Duck

A duck which died recently on a Bedfordshire farm, and produced a brood a few months ago, was 23 years old.

Ninety Millions on Roads

In the United States 180,000 miles of roads were made between 1916 and 1923 at a cost of £90,000,000.

Quebec's Honey

Over four million pounds of honey are produced each year in the Canadian province of Quebec.

Teapots

Over forty thousand teapots are now in use on the London and North Eastern Railway System.

33,000 Volts Over a River

A power cable to carry a load of 33,000 volts has just been laid across the Mississippi River near the city of St. Louis.

Street Telephones

There are now nearly 4500 public telephone boxes in London, including 932 at the railway stations and 226 street kiosks.

A Concession to Denmark

The Prussian Government has arranged that in North Schleswig, wherever the parents of 24 children desire it, schools shall be provided with Danish teachers teaching in Danish.

The World's Scouts to Meet

Forty nations will be represented at the next International Scout Congress, which will be held at Kandersteg, Switzerland, in August.

A New Channel Service

Negotiations for a new Channel service between Tilbury and Dunkirk are proceeding between the French Nord and the L.M.S. Railways.

China's Motor-cars

China is following fast in the footsteps of Europe and America. She now has 8508 motor-cars, 1130 motor-trucks and omnibuses, and 1100 motor-cycles.

London's Buses

The London General Buses, which run over 800 miles of roads, ran 143,943,201 miles in 1925, an increase of 6,892,666 in 1924.

New Coal Seams Found

New seams of coal are being tapped at Newstead Colliery, near Nottingham, where a new village is being built to house more miners and their families.

Cost of the Empire's Defence

The British Empire now pays nearly £140,000,000 a year for its defence, compared with about £90,000,000 before the war.

The Flying Man's Guide Post

As a help to aviators the American Standard Oil Company has ordered that all its buildings and warehouses shall have the name of the town painted in big letters on the roof.

The Bazaar in the Slot

A remarkable new American slot machine has thirty kinds of articles in it. An indicator is pointed to the name of the article desired, and when the coin is inserted that article drops out.

No Rivets

The town of Canton, in Ohio, has a two-storey steel-framed building entirely without rivets. Electric arc welding has been used, and it is said that this has saved 23 per cent of the cost of building.

GIVE THE COUNTRY CHILD ITS CHANCE

Village Education Hall

CAMBRIDGESHIRE LEADS THE WAY

The Cambridgeshire Education Committee is starting an interesting scheme for giving the country child a chance equal to that within reach of the child in towns alive to the value of education.

The only thing that seems unwise about the scheme is its name. What is being planned is called a Village College. Whether it can truly be called by the name of college may be judged when its aims have been mentioned.

It is impossible to get full school equipment in every village, for the numbers do not warrant the outlay. As children reach the age when their teaching should be becoming practical a laboratory, a domestic service room, and a workshop are desirable, for in them the doing of things can be studied.

What Cambridge is Doing

These advantages are available in large towns. In Cambridgeshire six villages are sending their older children to a central school at the most conveniently placed village, where these aids to culture will be provided. The children over ten will go to the "College."

Round this central school other educational facilities will be gathered. There is to be, it is hoped, a Village Hall, where the Parish Council, the Women's Institute, the Rural Library, and the County Council lectures and demonstrations can be held. The public health services, too, will be centred there and means for open-air recreation provided.

It is all most admirable and everyone will wish that this fine composite scheme may succeed and recommend itself elsewhere, for it will be good for young and old. Indeed, it is too good to appropriate to itself the fictitious name of College; it is a far better and more widely useful institution than a college can ever be.

Lessons in Local History

An interesting point in connection with this scheme is that a series of weekly courses in local history for rural teachers have been started at Cambridge. These lectures are under the supervision of Mr. H. W. Saunders, headmaster of the Senior School at Foxton, who is also editing a collection of documents relating to Cambridgeshire villages. Villagers are often more interested in the story of their homeland than dwellers in towns, and to encourage this interest in their children is to promote the highest kind of patriotism, a love and reverence for the English countryside.

A FAMOUS TREE IN DANGER

Great Banyan's Trunk Rotted by Fungus

The finest banyan tree in the world, the great tree in the Royal Botanical Garden, at Calcutta, has been attacked by a deadly enemy and is in danger of destruction.

Already its central trunk has had to be amputated to save the rest, and it now stands on smaller trunks sent down from its branches. When the rains come a new plant is to be planted in the cleared space, and when it has grown tall enough an attempt will be made to graft it on to the old tree where the amputation was made. If that is successful the tree may be saved.

The enemy is a fungoid growth which causes decay wherever it spreads, and the only way to fight it is to cut away trunks and branches wherever it appears.

April 10, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

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A WIDOW'S CRY FOR JUSTICE

STORY OF A STRANGE CASE IN ITALY

The Kidnapping of a Public Man after a Speech

"AN EMPTY SHADOW"

A pathetic letter from the widow of Signor Matteotti marked the opening of the trial of five men for kidnapping and killing her husband in Italy.

The trial, long delayed for political reasons, has ended in an extraordinary acquittal of some of the men and light sentences on others.

It is nearly two years since Signor Matteotti, secretary of the Constitutional Socialist Party of Italy, made a strong speech against Fascism in the Italian Parliament, in which he denounced the terrorism by which the Fascist majority had been secured in the elections just concluded. Eleven days after his speech he disappeared, and it was not till two months after that his body was found, stripped of everything that could identify him, in a lonely thicket fifteen miles from Rome.

An Unpremeditated Crime

Of thirty people arrested in connection with the crime only eight proved important, and of these five have been put on trial for the actual murder. The other three prominent men in Italian politics were held by the examining magistrates to have hired these five to kidnap Signor Matteotti, with the intention merely of depriving him of his liberty. The murder, it was suggested, took place only when Matteotti resisted; that is to say, it was not really intended.

But last year, in celebration of the Jubilee of the King of Italy, a full pardon was granted to everybody who had committed any crime except murder for political reasons, and so the three who arranged the kidnapping were set free and have not been brought to trial.

Letter That Was Not Read

In accordance with Italian law Matteotti's widow had joined in the prosecution, but in face of the unreal character of the proceedings she withdrew from any part in what she regarded as a mere sham. It is not surprising that the judge, in making the announcement, did not read her letter. Here it is:

Your Excellency, The murder of Giacomo Matteotti, a tragedy not only for myself and my children but for free and civilised Italy, left me with the hope that justice would not be invoked in vain. This was the one comfort left to me in my anguish, and therefore I became a party to the case.

But in the course of the proceedings, and in virtue of the recent amnesty, the real case has gradually disappeared. What is left today is no more than the empty shadow.

I was without rancour and desired no vengeance. I only wanted justice. Men have denied me that justice: God and posterity will grant it to me. I therefore beg leave to remain absent from a trial which no longer concerns me. I beg you to relieve me from the appalling ordeal of having to appear.

To be present would seem to me an offence to the memory of Giacomo Matteotti, to whom life was so serious a thing. Henceforth I live only for and in that memory, and to bring up my children on the proud model of their father.

VELIA MATTEOTTI

In England, and probably everywhere else but in Italy under Mussolini, to set men to seize and hold a man by force, and kill him for resisting, would be regarded as setting them to kill him, and while things like this can happen in Italy, kidnappings and killings and trials that impress nobody, justice in Italy must remain, in Signora Matteotti's bitter words, an empty shadow.

THE NEW POWER OF AN ATOM

How it will Help the Home

THE CHEAP REFRIGERATOR ON THE WAY

A discovery of the highest importance was made some time ago by Professor R. W. Wood, one of the greatest scientists of America. He discovered how to make hydrogen gas in atoms, which is really a very wonderful thing.

While an atom is the smallest bit of substance into which any element can be divided it is too small to exist by itself, and two or more atoms are always found combined together in the form of a molecule. Professor Wood, however, discovered a method of making the atoms in hydrogen gas remain as atoms, and in this way he produced a very active gas which is beginning to prove of great importance in industry.

Cold Storage for Food

Curiously enough, this scientific discovery, of interest for a long time only to scientific men, is going to help our everyday life. Food experts have been showing us lately how important it will be in the future to have cold storage for our food, as people do in America and other countries. But to have refrigerators in the home is an expensive thing, especially in warm climates, and the only economical way of making really serviceable ones for general use has now been definitely shown to be by means of vacuum vessels. In other words, the larder should be like a huge thermos flask.

It is, of course, impossible to use glass for making larders; and a double-walled iron larder or an ice-chest with a vacuum between the two walls, so that no heat can enter, has been a very costly thing to make because every joint must be perfectly welded in order to stand the strain of a vacuum.

Iron Instantly Melted

This is where Professor Wood's discovery comes in. If a jet of hydrogen atoms is directed on to the surface of a piece of iron such terrific heat is produced that the metal instantly melts. By making use of a jet of atomic hydrogen, as it is called, directed upon the joints of the metal, a welded iron refrigerator can be made at trifling cost.

One of the greatest advances in the history of cold storage will result from the application of this discovery, and it is interesting to know that when it was made Professor Wood had no other thought than the study of certain lines in the spectrum of hydrogen gas.

A FARMER AND HIS COWS

Eating Nails

A farmer lent his field for an agricultural show not long ago, and nails were left lying about when the show was removed.

These were swallowed by the farmer's cows when grazing, with the result that many of them died, and their loss helped to make the farmer bankrupt. In some cases the nails had entered the hearts of the creatures.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Book by Thomas Dekker, 1630	£1150
An early ivory plaque	£714
Book by E. Holdsworth, 1728	£620
A rare old Pretender glass	£260
A violin by Gagliano, 1739	£190
King Stephen silver penny	£142
A Beaton Castle shilling	£110
A Worcester dessert service	£105
A Louis XV writing table	£55
A Charles I Oxford pound	£33

The Wembley Switchback, which cost £30,000 to erect, was sold for £1400.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

The Man who Would Rather Die

On April 10, 1864, Maximilian accepted the Mexican crown. On June 19, 1867, he was shot.

At Aden I met Baron de Malorite, a Hanoverian, who had been the head of Count Thun's staff in Mexico.

"Do you know," he asked me, "the story of General Mejia?" "No," I replied.

"Mejia," he said, "was a full-blooded Indian in the service of Maximilian and was taken prisoner along with him. Two hours before their execution was to take place General Alatorre came to them and said: General Mejia, I have been three times your prisoner, and three times you have spared my life; my aide-de-camp is at the door with a horse, and you are free to go where you please."

"And the Emperor?" said Mejia.

"Will be shot in two hours," answered the other.

"And you dare to come to me with such a proposition. Leave the room!" rejoined the prisoner.

Alatorre did so, and Mejia and the Emperor fell together. GRANT DUFF

A VIKING STRONGHOLD

The Suffolk Coast in Viking Days

The ancient inhabitants of East Anglia must have lived exciting lives.

For many centuries the east coast was raided by Norsemen and Danes, who slew and destroyed wherever they effected a landing. The low-lying coast of Suffolk afforded special facilities for this kind of enterprise, and so great was the terror they inspired that in east coast churches of the ninth century the Litany contained a special petition: "From the fury of the Northmen, O Lord, deliver us."

At certain places along the coast the Vikings established small harbours, where their ships could be left under guard while they pillaged the surrounding district. It is supposed, too, that when these marauders returned home each autumn they left behind them a few ships, with men to guard them, in readiness for the campaign of the following year.

Captain Cooper has now discovered, at a place called Frostenden, near Covehithe, what seems to be the remains of one of the old Viking fortified harbours. In Domesday Book it is recorded that in 1065 Froxenden, as it was then called, possessed a harbour for shipping, so that the Viking site had been adapted for peaceful purposes.

Frostenden lies in a valley, which in the days of the Norsemen was probably an estuary, but now contains merely a small stream. Here Captain Cooper has found the site of a dock where the Vikings moored their ships, and this dock is commanded by an earthwork, or fort, of Danish type.

BEARING THE LOSS

Self-Sacrifice in Business

One of the most honoured names among Manchester's merchant princes is that of Philips, the family who founded the firm of J. and N. Philips & Co., warehousemen and wholesale drapers. Now fresh lustre has been added to it by the present chairman, Mr. W. M. Philips.

The firm has lost heavily through changed trade conditions, and has had to close its London house. A reduction of capital has had to be made to the amount of £167,000, and the chairman and the vice-chairman, Mr. F. M. S. Grant, have decided to bear the whole loss themselves, Mr. Philips £138,000 and Mr. Grant the remainder.

This means a great improvement in the dividends of the other shareholders as well as in the value of their shares.

THE GREAT BEAR PAIRS OF STARS THAT FORM ITS FEET

What Would Happen-if the Earth Had Two Suns

GREATEST MARVELS OF THE UNIVERSE

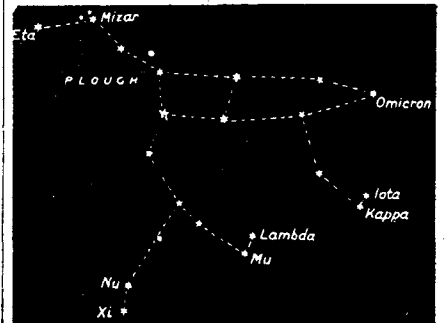
By the C.N. Astronomer

The great constellation of Ursa Major is now overhead.

It is easily found by means of the seven famous stars, constituting what is popularly known as the Plough. These stars are often referred to as Ursa Major, or the Great Bear; but they are only a small part of it. Actually, Ursa Major occupies an area nearly four times as great as that covered by the Plough, as we may see from the star map.

The most obvious and noteworthy stars, apart from the Plough, are the three pairs indicated at the bottom of the star map. These represent three of the four feet; and as Eta marks the tip of the tail, it is obvious where the head will be, as the star Omicron indicates the nose. Thus the stars of this constellation do actually roughly suggest the outline of a beast.

Most interesting of the three pairs of "toe" stars is Xi. This star is composed of two suns which appear alternately to



The chief stars of the Great Bear

part from one another and then to come close together.

If we had two Suns occasionally together in our day skies performing such evolutions, the effect would be remarkable, and the consequences to us still more so, because when they were not both above the horizon together we should be deprived of night, so that light and darkness, now a regular, alternating event, would then be much involved and most irregular. Moreover, summers and winters would be experienced twice as intense, and other climatic vagaries difficult to realise.

This performance of the two suns of Xi is due to the fact that they revolve in a couple of oval orbits around a central point between them, the entire revolution taking nearly 61 years to complete. They are yellow suns similar in type to ours, and estimated to be smaller.

They are much nearer than most of the stars of Ursa Major, being 1,174,000 times as far as our Sun, their light taking about 18½ years to reach us.

Nu, about twice the Moon's apparent width away, above Xi, is composed of two suns many times larger than those of Xi. Their light has taken about 148 years to reach us.

Mu and Lambda, representing the Bear's next hind foot, are slightly brighter stars, barely twice the Moon's apparent width apart. The distance of Mu is known to be about four million times that of our Sun, its light taking about 62 years to reach us. The third pair of the stars Kappa and Iota appear still closer together, and represent a forefoot of the Bear. Iota's distance has been found to be about 2,850,000 times as far away as our Sun, and it is composed of two suns whose light takes 45 years to reach us.

A further exploration on a moonless night in the starry confines of this constellation will reveal, with the aid of field glasses and telescope, some of the Universe's greatest marvels. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus, Jupiter and Mars in south-east. In the evening Saturn south-east after about 9.30.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Two boys travelling together to a new school find that they are not only alike in appearance but bear the same names. As the train pulls up at the station one, who is more smartly dressed than the other, jumps out and disappears in a tea-shop, and later is driven to the school, which he finds small and insignificant, very different from what he had been led to expect.

Meanwhile, his namesake has also arrived at his school, and is just as mystified. It seems to be a first-class school, suggesting fees far beyond the limited purse of his father.

CHAPTER 5 Tip-top Quarters

ASSURING him that he would soon feel at home, the Matron led him back to her room, where he found preparations for tea.

"Of course, this is most irregular," she remarked, as she beckoned him with a smile to sit at the table. "All you boys will get a light supper before Prayers, but I dare say you could do with this after your journey."

Observing to himself that this was a school and a half and the Matron a brick, he thanked her and began on an egg. He noticed that she had picked him out two of the brownest.

He was next on the point of telling her about his travelling companion when he remembered that the other was having a fling round the town, and reflected that he might get him into trouble if that was known. So he decided that, until his namesake turned up, the least said about him the better.

Still, he might venture one feeler that gave nothing away.

"Am I the only new boy this term?" he enquired.

She shook her head.

"Get on with your tea," she remarked.

As soon as he had done she rang for a maid to whom she gave some instructions about his unpacking. Then, bidding him remain where he was for a moment, she went from the room and returned with a dreamy-looking youth.

"Smith," she said, "this is Arnold. He'll take you downstairs. Arnold, this is Smith. A new boy this term. Look after him a bit till he learns the ropes."

The youth of the dreamy aspect held out his hand.

"How do you do?" he said in a sheepish fashion.

"Right as rain!" was the somewhat astonishing answer.

"Well, I'll take you down to the other chaps in the day-room."

Freed from the Matron's restraint Arnold's sheepishness fell from him. As they passed through baize doors to a surge of voices and laughter he stopped and growled, "Look here, you'll make a bloomer if you think I'm going to bear-lead you all the term!"

"Oh, I can look after myself," said J. A. Smith crisply.

"And if you take my tip you won't be so fresh!"

"Fresh?"

"You know what I mean. So cheeky. When I said how do you do, you said right as rain."

"But I am right as rain," exclaimed J. A. Smith, opening his eyes.

"Well, you won't be if you go on answering chaps that way; it isn't the way for a new kid to answer his seniors."

This produced a stare. "I reckon you're not older than I am."

"Perhaps I'm not, but I've been here as long as the school," said Arnold disdainfully. "And, anyhow, rain isn't right. So that's that. Shut up!"

In the junior day-room, to which he was now conducted, one or two boys were putting their lockers to rights, and a few more, clustered round the radiator pipes at the end, appeared to be discussing the

holidays. To these Arnold darted, leaving Smith by himself; and, expecting to be met with a fire of questions about his people and where he came from and everything else, he found that, beyond a few stares, no one took any notice of him.

So he turned away and began to inspect the lockers—to find on one a small frame like the frame at the head of his bed, and again with a card inserted, inscribed J. A. SMITH.

His locker! Hurrah! He wished his things were unpacked, so that he could start in arranging it. It wasn't locked. He wondered if there was a key. Yes, there lay a key on the upper shelf.

He popped his head inside and sniffed with delight at its scent, that fresh, clean, aromatic scent of new pinewood. With an air of proprietorship he drew out the key, locked his new possession, and dropped the key into his pocket. It gave him the feeling that his life here had really begun.

After Prayers he was summoned before his Housemaster, a thin young man with a manner as keen as a razor.

"I hope," Mr. Dean said, when he had shaken hands and asked him one or two questions about his journey, "that you'll get on all right here, Smith, and do the House credit. Try to do it more than credit. Try to add something to it."

"To add to it, sir?" he echoed, puzzled.

"Yes. Give it more than it gives you; if you see what I mean. If you don't see what I mean yet you'll understand later." He paused. Then added gravely, "You have got to work hard."

"Yes, sir," he answered, a little disturbed by the tone, which seemed to convey that work wasn't to his liking.

"That's right. I hope you mean it. I think that you do. For you know we haven't much use here for slacksters or blockheads. Not for out-and-out blockheads. You understand that, Smith?"

He repeated "Yes, sir," in a vague fashion.

"Good!" declared Mr. Dean. "Then you'll always find me ready to help you, so we'll say no more upon that score, Smith." He rose briskly to his feet. "Well, that's all just now. You've found your day-room, of course, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes, and I've found my locker, sir, thank you," he said.

"Good! Keep it tidy. Don't leave your books about. And now get off to bed. I expect you're tired."

Tired he was. Head and pillow had scarcely met before sleep put her extinguisher on the day's memories.

CHAPTER 6 A Shock

HE awoke betimes and wondered if he dared to rise. But he supposed he'd better lie still till the getting-up bell; and with such a lot to think about that was easy. He passed through his mind everything that had happened yesterday, from that extraordinary and really amazing discovery of his namesake to Mr. Dean's queer warning about working hard. He speculated, had Mr. Dean been so quick in impressing upon him the need to work? He had never slacked; he was very well up in his work; so what had caused Mr. Dean to speak as he had done? Well, he supposed the Housemaster always spoke to new boys like that.

Next he began to think what a fine place he'd got to! Much finer than anything his father had led him to suppose. Perhaps he had wanted it to come as a jolly surprise.

A sharp peal thrilled; not the tumble of a clanged bell but more like the piercing note of some monster alarm-clock. At once activity took the place of repose, and the dormitory began to hum like a hive.

A few seconds later he got his first good look at a prefect. The door of a wooden partition had been flung open, disclosing a sturdy figure with flaming red hair, who, clad in striking pyjamas, began to declaim. It sounded to Smith like: "Four to get to the bathrooms. One . . . two . . . three . . . four. Trotter, come to me afterwards!"

This last command was laid on a luckless youth who, frantically darting his eyes here and there for his towel, had failed to snatch it up and flee by the count of four.

But so had J. A. Smith; too much taken aback by this dramatic apparition and the strange formula. The apparition spotted him. "Hi! You there!" he called. "I've not seen you before. Come here!"

J. A. Smith padded up in his bare feet to be inspected. "I'm a new boy, please," he reported. "I turned up last night."

"Oh, did you!" exclaimed the prefect of flaming hair. "All right, we'll let you off this time then. But remember you must jump out of bed directly the gong goes, and be away to your bath by the time I count four."

"Yes, I see," mumbled Smith, who was living and learning.

At breakfast he learned more. He learned, to begin with, that only an inveterate grouser could grouse at the fare, that if he didn't like porridge he needn't take it, and that he could actually have his choice between tea and coffee. He learned also that as some boys came back today there would be no organised work until Preparation that evening, so that after Prayers they were free to go their own ways so long as they were present at dinner and tea. He jumped with joy to hear this. What a prowl round he'd have!

After Prayers the dreary Arnold mooned up.

"I'm supposed to look after you," he observed very grudgingly.

"What are you going to do with yourself, you fat ass?" Then, observing from Smith's manner that he wasn't wanted, he nodded in a relieved fashion and withdrew.

Out of doors, when the others had gone, went J. A. Smith also. Last night as his cab swept round the gravelled approach he had received the dim impression of many big buildings. Now the daylight revealed their imposing extent and the huge expanse of playing fields which they sheltered.

All were in new red brick, except the Chapel; yet the grey stones of the Chapel looked equally new. He found the Science building, a Library shaped like a fort, an Art School with frescoes in plaster over the portico, and two capacious swimming-baths, one of fresh water and one, as an attendant informed him, of sea water. Wherever he dared to venture he poked his nose.



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But nothing struck him so much as the sense of brain-newness.

There was no salt rime from the sea on the brickwork yet. He believed that the school couldn't be much more than a year old. What had Arnold said? That he'd been here "as long as the school"! That, at a guess, would make it about a year old.

The goal-posts in the playing fields, they looked new, too! And so did the very cricket and football pavilions! He counted three of these in addition to the largest which adorned the ground, unmistakably kept for the magnates. He wondered on which of these grounds he would play himself.

The more he explored the more thrilled he grew to realise how fine a place he had come to. Yet he couldn't resist the tiniest feeling of grievance that his father hadn't prepared him for such a fine show! Besides, he knew his father was not well off, and he guessed the fees at this place must be enormous.

At any rate, they might have told him that it was quite a new school: why should they hide that? What object had his people in hiding that? It wasn't any less fine for being so new.

Perhaps his father didn't want him to know beforehand that his school had no history and no traditions behind it. Perhaps he didn't want to influence his impressions, preferring that he should form them first on the spot.

"Well, perhaps," he told himself; "but it is a rum go!"

Whereupon he bothered no more about it, but took an unsuccessful look round for his namesake. Concluding that he'd been put in another House, and that they would come across each other sooner or later, he went indoors and neatly arranged his locker, in readiness for the books to be served out presently. Just as he had finished the dinner-bell rang.

At dinner he noticed something which brought him up with a gasp.

And yet in itself it was in no way alarming, being merely the words "St. Quentin's" engraved on his fork.

But it finished his appetite off. He could hardly swallow. Pretending to eat, he cast timid glances around him.

At breakfast he had appeared as much at his ease as any new boy at his first breakfast could be. Now, on the contrary, no new boy ever looked more uncomfortable.

After dinner he thought very hard for a few minutes, and then, in trepidation, sought Mr. Dean, whom he caught just rushing away to get to the golf links.

"Well, what is it? What is it?" he rapped, which made Smith feel worse.

He hesitated. It was very hard to begin.

"Come up before Prep.," cried Mr. Dean, and sped off.

More perturbed than he had ever been in his life, he wandered down and out of doors into the avenue, where he glimpsed at the farthest end a flaming red head. His friend of the morning! The prefect! He would overtake him and tell him what was the matter.

Out of breath with running, he requested:

"Please may I speak to you?"

"Fire away!" he was told.

"I think," he stammered, "I think—I ought not—to be here."

The prefect, whose name was Sheldon, burst out laughing.

"That's jolly rich!" he laughed. "I shouldn't be here, either. I'd be much better off at home."

"But really I ought not—"

"And really I quite agree. No new kid ought to be at school till he's grown."

"But I mean it," he groaned.

"Grousing won't help you," said Sheldon impatiently. "You'll soon feel less strange."

He turned on his heel and went off. "This," thought Smith, "is perfectly awful. They won't understand."

And, finding himself by now at the end of the avenue, he wandered out on the road which led down to the town.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The White Horse

ONCE upon a time Grietje, a little maid of Volendam, was wandering on the dunes with a few ears of wheat in her hand.

Grietje's parents were hard, striving people. The mother was all for the boys. If anyone went short of anything it must not be the strong, rough lads, but the meek little daughter.

As Grietje neared the shore a great white horse came up from the Zuyder Zee with seaweed in his mane. He dropped his nose on Grietje's shoulder in so friendly a way that she had no fear of him, and gave him her wheat-ears to eat. In return he stretched out his fore-leg; on its hoof lay a flounder.

Grietje took the fish and ran home. "See the fine botje, Mother, which a white horse brought me from the sea," she said.

"It will do for Piet's supper," said the mother, taking it.

Next day Grietje met the strange horse on the strand and the same thing happened. Once more she ran home with the fish.

"Mother, the white horse came again, and brought me a flounder on his fore-hoof, but the strange thing is that his fore-hoof was a flounder!"

"Give me the botje," said the mother, barely listening. "I shall cook it for Dirk this time."

But the father followed Grietje on the third day. From afar he saw her caressing the white horse, then he saw the steed drop on his knees, tempting the child to mount him. She laid her hand on his mane and scrambled up. With a great splash the white horse plunged into the water with his rider, never again to be seen on dry land.

Years after, when Grietje's parents were old, grey, and grumbling, they were fishing far out in the Zuyder Zee.

Said the mother, "It is hard we should have to sail the yawl alone when one thinks of all the children I have. Sons marry and forsake you; I wish they had all been daughters."

"I wish our one daughter were with us now," said the father.

At that moment a great white horse appeared in the sea, spurning the waves with his pawing hoofs. On his back sat someone with strings of pearls twisted in her pale gold hair who might have been a nix's bride all rainbow shining scales and rosy seaweed fringes.

But the old couple only saw their daughter, as young as when they lost her years ago.

"Husband!" gasped the mother, as the vision fled by and melted into mist, "Grietje saw us and never smiled!"

"Why should she?" said he. "We slighted her when we had her. We only sigh for her now to ease our age. The sea could not have stolen her from us if you had loved her long ago."

This is the legend of the White Horse of Volendam, which may still be seen painted on the city arms, with a flounder for a fore-hoof.

April 10, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

II



The Time of the Singing of Birds is Come



D! MERRYMAN

"WAITER, what is this stuff?"
"Cottage pudding, sir."
"Ah! I thought so. I can taste plaster and wallpaper."

A Puzzle in Rhyme

WITHOUT tongue and feet I speak
and go,
As all my neighbours well do know;
To whom I wise advice do give
As may instruct them how to live.
The schoolboys bless me when each
day
I give them leave to go to play;
And weary labourers, when each
night
To peaceful slumbers I invite.
And though my stature be so small
That Aesop would by me seem tall,
Yet ponderous burdens I sustain,
And never of their weight complain.

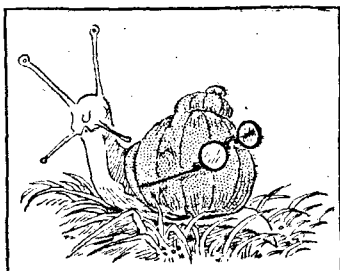
Answer next week

Is Your Name Balance?

IF it is your distant ancestor was no
doubt a maker of balances, and
was known to the people living at
the time as John, or William, the
Balancer. Gradually the word
changed and became, not a descrip-
tion, but a name, and now we have
the surname Balance.

WHY do knapsacks resemble
handcuffs?
Because they are made for
tourists (two wrists).

Long-Sighted



"I WEAR my glasses on my back,"
Said Snail. "There they are.
I cannot wear them on my nose—
My eyes stick out too far!"

Practical Sympathy

MARY: Mother, please give me a
penny for a man who is crying
in the street.

Mother: It is very thoughtful
and kind of you to want to help
him, Mary. What is the matter
with the poor man?

Mary: There's nothing the mat-
ter with him. He is just crying:
"Ice creams—a penny each!"

Hats of the World



Scotland Wales

WHY can you never say there is
such a thing as a whole day?
Because every day begins by
breaking.

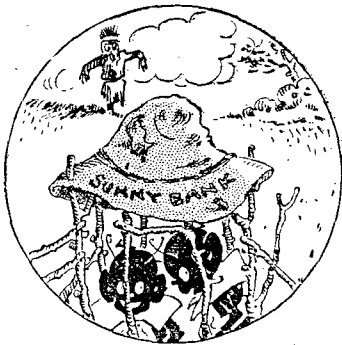
Why He Had the Hump

GROANED a Camel who'd found
an oasis,
"To the desert this spot a disgrace is.
All its herbage is dead,
So I cannot be fed,
And of water it doesn't show traces!"

WHAT is it that will give a cold,
cure a cold, and pay the
doctor's bill?

A draught (draft). A draught of
air, a draught of medicine, and a
draught on a bank.

An Ideal Home



A BUNGALOW for summer use
The Brownies built the other
day.

Sticks formed its walls, and for its
roof
They took the scarecrow's hat
away!

Behead and Curtail

COMPLETE, I am a host; behead
me, I am what we like to be
in winter; now curtail me and I
am a calamity.

Solution next week

WHAT is it that has teeth but
never eats? A comb.

Measure for Measure

A BOY went into a shop and
asked for sixpennyworth of
apples. When the shopkeeper
handed them to him he considered
that he had not got very many for
the money, and he said so very
plainly.

"That's all right, my boy," said
the shopkeeper; "they will not be
so much trouble to carry."

"Quite true," said the boy, as
he put down fivepence on the
counter and walked out of the shop.

The shopkeeper indignantly called
after the boy that he had not left
enough money.

"Never mind," replied the boy;
"it will not be so much trouble to
count it."

Convincing

"ARE your eggs fresh?" asked the
lady shopper of her grocer.

"Certainly they are, madam,"
was his reply. "The hen doesn't
realise that I've got them yet."

WHEN is an umbrella like a con-
valescent person?
When it is recovered.

What is It?

IN the stable but not in the shed,
In the mattress but not in the
bed,

In the window but not in the pane,
In the roadway but not in the lane,
In the rigging but not in the boat,
In the river but not in the moat,
In the collar but not in the stud,
In the flower but not in the bud,
In the story but not in the tale,
In the auction but not in the sale,
In the garden but not in the land,
In the upright but not in the grand,
In the honest but not in the bad,
My whole is a bridge both graceful
and sad.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Was the Name? Anna

What Am I? Narcissus

Can You Find Me? The letter S

Who Was He?

The Great Historian was Edward
Gibbon.

Jacko Fetches the Police

JACKO was very pleased when he heard his mother say that
she was going to make some marmalade. He imagined
that there would be no end of oranges in the house.

And so there were. But they weren't the delicious, sweet
oranges that Jacko liked, and the one he tasted was so sour
that he couldn't help making a face.

Mrs. Jacko said it served him right; she hoped it would cure
him of helping himself to things in the larder. But Jacko was
much too wild to listen to anybody. He ran out of the house
and spent the rest of the morning walking about the village.

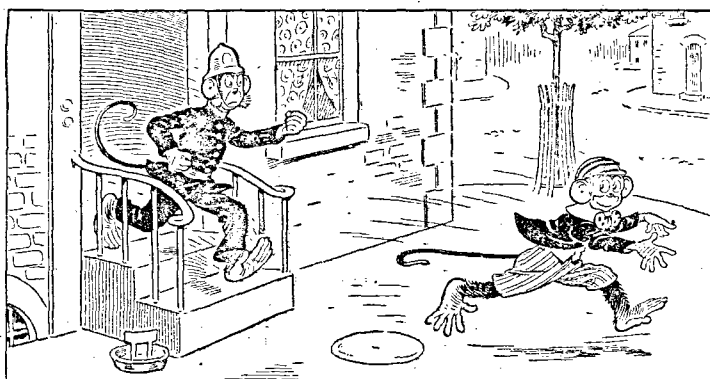
"I wish something would happen," he said to himself.
"The place is as dull as ditch-water."

Strangely enough, just after that something *did* happen.
Jacko was strolling past rich old Miss Ape's house when he
heard the most terrifying scream coming from inside.

Jacko didn't like the sound of it at all. He peeped through
a window, but he couldn't see anything; and, as there was
another yell just then, he nearly jumped out of his skin.

"I'd better fetch the police," he said. "I'm not going into
that house by myself."

He ran down to the police-station as hard as he could go;



"Do you think I'm a cat?" roared the policeman

in fact, he was so out of breath when he got there that it was
some time before he could find his voice.

At first the police wouldn't listen to what he had to say.
They brought out large note-books and wrote down his name
and address, and one of them even suggested that Jacko
should have his finger-prints taken!

But at last they did give him a hearing; and when they
heard about the screams coming from Miss Ape's house they
pricked up their ears.

"We'd better look round there," they said, picking up their
truncheons. And Jacko ran back to Miss Ape's house with
three burly policemen striding after him.

The screams were still going on, and the policemen all got
very excited. Two went round to the garden at the back, and
the biggest of them burst open the front door and rushed in.

Jacko waited in the street in a fearful state of excitement,
and when the policeman came out of the house again and,
shouted "Where's that boy?" he stepped forward, fairly
swelling with pride.

"Have you caught anybody, Constable?" he asked eagerly.

"Caught anybody, indeed!" roared the policeman, making
a dive at Jacko. "Do you think I'm a cat? A nice thing
to bring us out here because an old lady's afraid of a mouse!"

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Young Fruit on an Old Tree

Longfellow, in one of his delightful
letters, wrote:

"To those who ask how I can
write so many things that sound
as if I were as happy as a boy,
please say, that there is in the
neighbouring town a pear tree,
planted by Governor Endicott
two hundred years ago, and it
still bears fruit not to be distin-
guished from that of a young
tree in flavour."

"I suppose the tree makes new
wood every year, so that some
parts of it are always young.
Perhaps this is the way with
some men when they get old. I
hope it is so with me."

Des Fruits Jeunes sur un Vieil Arbre

Dans une de ses lettres charmantes,
Longfellow écrivit:

"A ceux qui vous demanderont
comment il se fait que j'écris
tant de choses qui me font
paraître heureux comme un
jeune garçon, veuillez répondre
qu'il se trouve dans la ville
voisine un poirier, planté il y a
deux cents ans par le gouverneur
Endicott, lequel porte encore
des fruits dont la saveur ne le
cède aucunement à celle des
fruits d'un jeune arbre."

"J'imagine que l'arbre fait du
bois neuf chaque année, de sorte
que certaines parties sont tou-
jours jeunes. Peut-être en est-il
de même chez certains hommes
quand ils vieillissent. J'espère
qu'il en est ainsi pour moi."

Tales Before Bedtime

The Bridge

RONALD and Tim had come
to stay with Uncle Rex,
and as this was their first visit
they felt very excited.

Mother had told them to be
good boys, and they both
meant to try hard not to do
anything naughty. But Ronald
was jealous of his brother Tim,
and when the housekeeper ran
into the garden and called to
them that they were not to go
over the little bridge into the
next garden Ronald heard
because he was near, but Tim
was too far away, and Ronald
thought he would not tell his
brother, but let him get into
trouble.

They had a look at the fowls
and pigs and rabbits, and then
came to the little bridge with
the beautiful garden on the
opposite side. On Tim ran,
and across the bridge, not
knowing he was not to go; and
Ronald watched him.

"Come along," called Tim.
"It's lovely in here, and I can
see some dear little ducks."

"When you've seen every-
thing come and tell me what
it is like; I'll wait here," said
Ronald. And he sat down on
the grass and waited.

He waited and waited, but
still Tim did not come. Pre-
sently Mrs. Brown, the house-
keeper, came out and called him
in to dinner.

Ronald did not know where
Tim was, and he did not like to
say anything; but when he
went to wash his hands he
found Tim washing his.

"I've had such a lovely
time," he said. "The gentle-
man next door has given me
this box of chocolates. I was



Ronald watched him go

looking at the ducks on the
pond when he came out and
asked me where I had come
from. He said I must not go
into his garden, and I told
him I did not know it was his
garden and I was very sorry.
Then he said I must never do
it again, and he took me into
his house and got these."

"But I did not see you come
back," said Ronald.

"No; he let me out the
front way," answered Tim.
And he wondered why Ronald
looked so cross.

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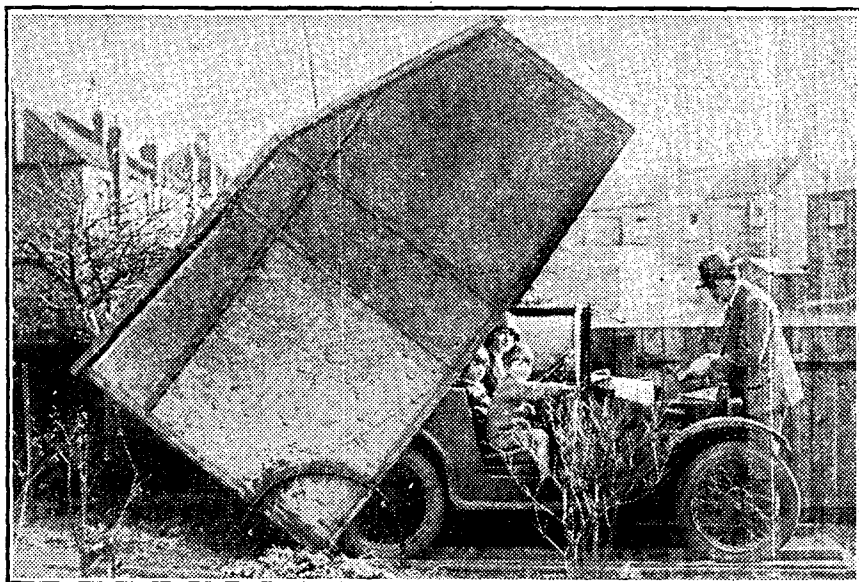
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 10, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d.

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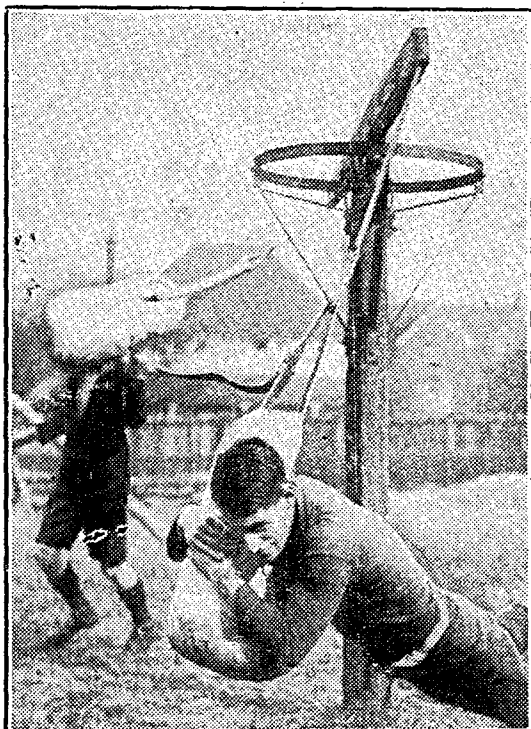
A MOUSE-TRAP GARAGE · DOG FOOTBALLER · KING OF HUMBUG SCRUB



A Garage Like a Mouse-trap—A novel portable garage which will fit over a car has been invented by Mr. Gordon Enoland, the racing motorist. It works on a hinge, as shown here



Etna from the Air—This aerial photograph of Mount Etna, the Sicilian volcano, shows snow round the summit, at the same time that heated vapours are rising from the crater



A School for Rugby Players—At Bedford Grammar School, which has a notable Rugby team, the boys now learn to tackle by means of dummies swung from a revolving beam, and the plan is proving popular and interesting



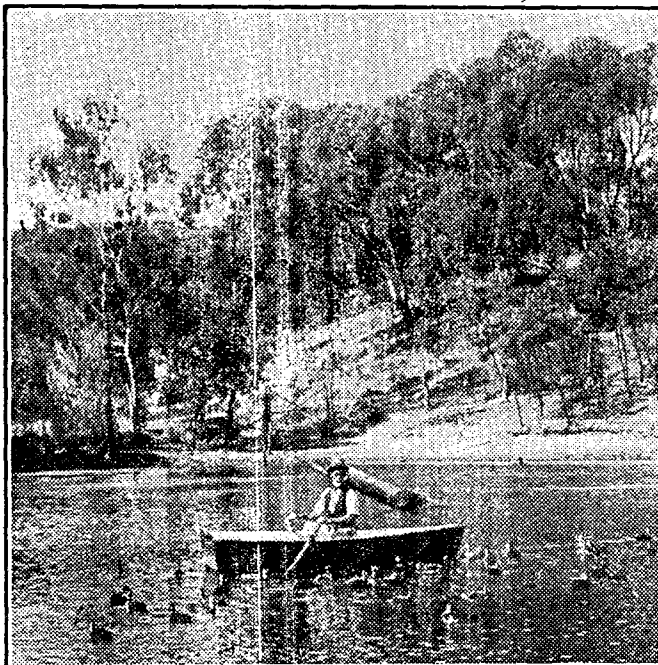
The Daughters of the Guards—When the King visited the Guards depot at Caterham the other day he did not forget to see the Guardsmen's little daughters, who have a capital and very efficient troop of Girl Guides in connection with the barrack school



A Dog Football Enthusiast—This clever dog, which is called Bobby, is a great favourite with the members of the Swindon Town football club, and is always ready to have a game with the ball, as the picture shows



Rowers on the Lea—The Thames is not the only London river on which to see interesting rowing, for the Cecil Ladies Rowing Club go out regularly on the Lea



King of Humbug Scrub—This is how we like to think of Mr. T. P. Bell-chambers, the well-known naturalist, seen here in his boat on the lake of his Wild Life Sanctuary at Humbug Scrub, near Adelaide, South Australia



Then and Now—These Indian Chiefs are looking out over busy and crowded Manhattan, New York, which their ancestors sold three centuries ago for \$5

ANIMALS MARCHING TO OBLIVION—SEE THE SPLENDID ARTICLE IN MY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

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